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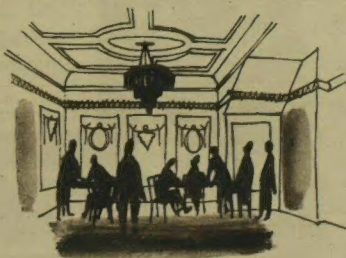


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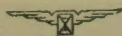
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THE GOING'S GOOD BY

UNION CASTLE



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SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1958.



THE BUILD-UP OF U.S. FORCES IN LEBANON: VEHICLES AND SUPPLIES FOR THE U.S. MARINES BEING LANDED ON ANTELIAS BEACH, NEAR BEIRUT, IN THE PRESENCE OF CROWDS OF SIGHTSEERS.

The landing of U.S. troops in Lebanon which began on July 15 continued steadily by sea and by air. By July 17 the number was reported to be 3600; and on July 18 two further battalions of Marines arrived. The 2nd Battalion, 8th Regiment, came by air from North Carolina and landed at Beirut Airport; while the 1st Battalion, 8th Regiment, came ashore at Antelias beach; and a small reconnaissance group of parachute troops arrived from Germany.

On July 19 about 2000 U.S. parachute troops arrived by air from Adana, in Turkey; and on July 20 about 1400 parachute troops from Germany began to arrive at Beirut Airport, where the roar of newly-arriving transport aircraft was heard every few minutes. By the time this airlift was completed on July 21, it was reported that the strength of U.S. forces in Lebanon was over 10,000—a force well in excess of the total numbers of the Lebanese Army.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the beauties, or supposed beauties, of the Welfare State lies in the facilities it offers to anyone who feels indisposed to rest from his labours and recuperate without fear for his livelihood. The kindly forces of society take charge and ensure that the sufferer, or even, human nature being what it is, the occasional malingerer, receives his pay regardless of the fact that no pay has been earned. The harsh forces of nature or *laissez-faire*, call it what one will, no longer operate; Mother Westminster provides and the patient can repose his head on the pillow without a care. Rather over half-a-century ago I used to go to a school conducted on the same beneficent principle—one of the first pioneers, it must have been, of the new spirit in education and social philosophy that was presently to transform the rude, harsh Anglo-Saxon mentality of the past. If one complained of a headache, the kindly headmaster—a man of true reforming zeal and bursting with ideas for the amelioration of the human lot—would be summoned, and would subsequently, if it was a fine day, take one for a row on the Serpentine, instead of leaving one cooped up in a stuffy, boring classroom, or, if it was wet or winter, accompany one to a *matinée*. The cost, I suppose—though the Headmaster was a man of such benevolence that this may not have been so—was charged to one's parents, much as to-day it is charged to the taxpayer, in other words, to someone else. If, on the other hand, I felt so low that even the Headmaster's efforts at entertainment seemed irksome, I had only, I discovered, to blubber and howl and I was despatched home in a taxi. It was all very comforting and reassuring and helped one to develop a strong expectation that the world was a very different place to what it is. Unfortunately I was taken away from this liberalising establishment after a year and sent to a school of a much sterner kind, where I developed the unsympathetic and reactionary attitude towards life which has ever since distinguished me—an attitude which is summed up by Dr. Johnson's cynical remark that "most schemes of human improvement are very laughable things." It has tended to keep me regrettably out of touch with the spirit of the age.

All this is written, I should explain, in a spirit of envy. For those who are what the Welfare State terms "self-employed," and write for their livelihood weekly pages in the "public prints," are not entitled to bed with pay. They are expected, not unnaturally, by the shareholders of the corporations that purchase their articles to

provide what they are paid for. In other words, to abide by old-fashioned, and now antiquated,

notions of integrity and just dealing. And if, when the day for writing and sending in one's copy arrives, one is in bed with a temperature and in anything but a mood for writing it, that, as we used to say during the war, "is just too bad." The paper has to go to press, the article has to be written, the show, in short, must go on. And by some scurvy trick of fortune or perversity of nature, whenever one of my occasional illnesses occur—which happily are rare—it always seems to do so on the day when my article has to be written. Once, I remember, I had to write it with a temperature of 104° and a quinsy—a distressing complaint which I would not even wish on Mr. Khrushchev; on another occasion, just as I was about to start my article, I fell down a flight of elm stairs and broke my right wrist so that the communication of my random thoughts to my unfortunate readers had to be made, with almost infinite slowness during the night, through the unwonted medium of my left hand. And to-day, as it happens, a similar fate has befallen me. While weeding trees in the vicinity of a swamp some small and particularly vicious insect fastened on my elbow which yesterday, without the slightest warning, developed a swelling the size, colour and consistency of a cricket ball, accompanied by a temperature and the excruciating sensation of having just cracked my funny-bone on a jagged rock. As a result, I am writing this page in a mood of savagery, heat and irritation and feel, not unlike this bright, hot, shining protuberance on my elbow, much as Blake's celebrated tiger did, "burning bright in the forests of the night." Indeed, if any of the more prominent figures of the modern world about whom I have been reading in my newspaper, with infinite distaste and low grumbings, were to enter the room, I should probably bite them hard in the fleshy parts of the legs. This goes not only for the lofty-minded

leaders of Soviet Russia, and Colonel Nasser, who has just brought off an apparently successful and, as goes without saying, bloodthirsty *coup* in Iraq, but for most of the respected leaders and public ornaments of our own peaceable and decorous society. Even that good man, the Archbishop of Canterbury, would not be safe. As to some of our leading Parliamentary figures—men of the highest repute and of all parties—their appearance at my bedside at this moment, unless they were in top boots, would be fatal to their prospect of walking for months. Indeed, since I started to write this article, my temperature has already gone up a whole numeral and if I get any hotter under the collar, or, to be more precise, pyjama top, I shall probably burst.



KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN, WHOSE APPEAL ON BEHALF OF HIS "SMALL AND POOR KINGDOM" WAS PROMPTLY ANSWERED BY THE DISPATCH OF THE 16TH PARACHUTE BRIGADE.

At 8 p.m. on July 16 the British and American Chargés d'Affaires at Amman were summoned to meet King Hussein and the Prime Minister, Samir Rifai, and an appeal for help was made to them. On the same day Mr. Macmillan learnt from H.M. Representative in Jordan that Jordan's territorial integrity was threatened by the movement of Syrian forces towards her northern frontier and by the infiltration of arms across it; and that a *coup* organised by the United Arab Republic would be attempted on July 17. This he announced in the House on July 17 with the news that help was being sent by air, with the full support and approval of the U.S. Government.

A NOTE TO OUR READERS

"THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH."

OUR present series of illustrations of schools in Great Britain and the Commonwealth is being discontinued during the summer holidays but will be resumed during the next school term. In the series the following schools have so far been illustrated: Ardingly (Sussex); Badminton School (Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol); Berkhamsted (in Berkhamsted); Michaelhouse (South Africa); George Watson's College (Edinburgh) and Portora Royal School (Enniskillen, Northern Ireland).

Apart from this series, since 1950 the schools listed below have been fully illustrated, in photographs or drawings, in *The Illustrated London News*: Sherborne; Winchester; St. John's, Leatherhead; Shrewsbury; Ampleforth; Bedford School; Wellington; Bromsgrove; Christ's Hospital; Cheltenham Ladies College; Stowe; Tonbridge; Christ's Hospital for Girls, Hertford; Upper Canada College; King's School, Canterbury; Blundell's; Roedean; Clifton; Gresham's; Wycombe Abbey girls' school; Epsom; Repton; Downside; Gordonstoun; Oundle; Mill Hill; Sadler's Wells School, Richmond; Geelong Grammar School, Australia; Brentwood; Royal Masonic School, Bushey; Haileybury; Mercers' School, and the Liverpool Bluecoat School.

BRITISH TROOPS AND U.S. SUPPLIES IN JORDAN: KING HUSSEIN PREPARES TO HOLD OUT.



FUEL SUPPLIES FOR JORDAN: PETROL, FLOWN IN BY ONE OF THE U.S. GLOBEMASTERS FROM BEIRUT, BEING UNLOADED AT AMMAN AIRPORT. JORDAN'S OIL SUPPLIES WERE CUT OFF BY THE IRAQI REVOLUTION.



RELAXING IN THE SUN AT AMMAN AIRPORT: MEN OF THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE, WHO WERE FLOWN TO JORDAN FROM CYPRUS ON JULY 17, IN RESPONSE TO KING HUSSEIN'S APPEAL FOR SUPPORT.



ON GUARD OUTSIDE THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN AMMAN ON JULY 19: MEMBERS OF THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE WHO HAD BEEN FLOWN IN FROM CYPRUS TWO DAYS EARLIER.

With the merciless *coup* in Iraq, and the death of his cousin King Faisal, King Hussein of Jordan immediately assumed power as head of the Arab Federation. Three days later, in response to King Hussein's urgent appeal for help, to prevent a *coup* in Jordan the British Government gave orders that some 2000 troops of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade be flown from Cyprus. About 300 men were flown from Nicosia to Amman Airport in the early hours of July 17, and the airlift was continued in the evening, after an interval caused by a complaint from Israel at the British Government's sudden decision to fly over Israeli territory. By the afternoon of July 18 the first phase of the airlift to Jordan was completed, and some 2000 men were in



AT A PRESS CONFERENCE IN HIS PALACE ON JULY 19: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN, WHO SPOKE MOVINGLY OF THE DEATH OF HIS COUSIN, KING FAISAL.



AWAITING FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS AND ORDERS: SOME OF THE 2000 BRITISH PARATROOPERS BASED AT AMMAN AIRPORT.



COMRADES IN ARMS ONCE AGAIN: BRITISH SOLDIERS GREETING TWO MEMBERS OF JORDAN'S ARAB LEGION.

Amman, most of them being stationed at the airport. Meanwhile, further troops were being flown from Britain, and on July 19 the Ministry of Defence announced that there was the equivalent of more than two British divisions in Cyprus and the Middle East, and that the build-up of troops in Jordan was complete. The Iraqi revolution had deprived Jordan of its normal fuel supplies and the Americans agreed to arrange an airlift of oil from Bahrain. Owing to the refusal of the Saudi-Arabian Government to allow U.S. tankers to fly across Saudi territory the airlift was then launched from Beirut. On July 20 the U.S. Government made a gift of \$7,500,000 to Jordan, which since 1951 has already received about \$100,000,000 worth of aid from the United States.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE
IN THE

A MEETING WITH PRESIDENT NASSER: THE RULER OF KUWAIT. Sheikh Abdullah al-Salim al Sabah, the Ruler of Kuwait, who controls important oil supplies to Britain, had talks with President Nasser in Damascus on July 20, according to Cairo radio. The Ruler of Kuwait had for a few days previously been making a tour in Damascus. He is said to control just over half of all crude oil imported by the United Kingdom.



AFTER WINNING THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX AT SILVERSTONE: PETER COLLINS IN HIS FERRARI. Peter Collins won the 218-mile British Grand Prix at Silverstone on July 19 at an average speed of 102.05 m.p.h. He was driving a Ferrari, and second was Mike Hawthorn, also in a Ferrari. Collins led the race from start to finish. He is the fourth British driver to win an international Grand Prix this season.



A NEW DEFENCE POST: MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR WILLIAM DICKSON. The Prime Minister announced on July 15 that Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir William Dickson had been appointed to the newly-created post of Chief of Defence Staff. The holder of the new post will be the principal military adviser to the Minister of Defence under the new defence scheme.



AFTER BEING SWORN IN: MR. JOHN A. MCCONE, NEW HEAD OF THE U.S. ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION, WITH HIS PREDECESSOR, MR. STRAUSS. Mr. John A. McCone, a Californian industrialist, was sworn in at the White House, Washington, as the new head of the American Atomic Energy Commission, on July 14. At the same ceremony at the White House, his predecessor, Mr. Lewis L. Strauss, was presented by President Eisenhower with the Medal of Freedom for exceptional services to his country.

WEEK: PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS
PUBLIC EYE.

AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON: MR. SELWYN LLOYD WITH MR. DULLES DURING THE RECENT TALKS ON THE MIDDLE EAST CRISIS. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, arrived in Washington on July 17 for talks with President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles on the Middle East crisis. Mr. Lloyd flew back to London on July 20 and said there was substantial Anglo-American agreement. About Moscow's new proposals for a summit conference, he said the crisis should be solved at the U.N.



SUFFRAGETTE, BUSINESS WOMAN AND EDITOR: THE LATE LADY RHONDA. Viscountess Rhonda, who died in London on July 20 aged 75, was the daughter of the first Viscount Rhonda, to whose title she succeeded. As well as an astute business woman, she was an active champion of her sex. She was the proprietor and Editor of *Time and Tide*.



A PIONEER OF AVIATION DIES: M. HENRY FARMAN. M. Henry Farman, a pioneer aviator and aircraft designer, died on July 17 aged eighty-four. He set up a record for a circular flight in 1908, and in the same year made the first cross-country flight in Europe. He designed aircraft used in World War I and, later, successful civil aircraft. The son of a British father, he was of French nationality.



A YOUNG NEW ZEALAND COX AT THE EMPIRE GAMES IN WALES: RICHARD TUFFIN. Thirteen-year-old Richard Tiffin, a New Zealand schoolboy, was coxing New Zealand's four in the British Empire Games rowing events at Lakes Padarn, Llanberis, North Wales, on July 19. His crew rowed in Heat 1 of the Coxed Fours, and finished third to Canada and England, in a hard-fought race.



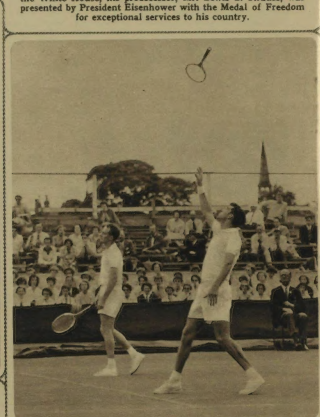
AT ISTANBUL: THE THREE REMAINING MUSLIM HEADS OF STATE IN THE BAGHDAD PACT: L. TO R., PRESIDENT BAYAR OF TURKEY AND PRESIDENT ISKANDER MIRZA OF PAKISTAN (BOTH HOLDING HATS) AND THE SHAH OF PERSIA. The shooting of King Faisal of Iraq took place on the day he was to have flown to Turkey for a meeting of the Muslim Heads of State of countries belonging to the Baghdad Pact. King Faisal was to have been accompanied by the Prime Minister of Iraq. The three remaining Muslim Heads of State of the Pact are seen passing a guard of honour on July 16.



AT THEIR WEDDING IN LONDON: MAJOR J. D. SLIM AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MISS E. J. SPINNEY. The wedding took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on July 18, of Major J. D. Slim, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlander, son of the Governor-General of Australia, Field Marshal Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim, and Miss Elizabeth Spinney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Spinney, of Cyprus.



WINNER OF THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II CORONATION AWARD: MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS, LEFT, AT THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY. Miss Phyllis Bedells, winner of the Queen Elizabeth II Coronation Award for 1957-58, received the commemorative panel at the annual meeting of the Royal Academy of Dancing at Covent Garden on July 16. With her, above, are (l. to r.) Mme. Markova, Dame Margot Fonteyn and Mr. Anton Dolin. The award is for outstanding service to ballet.



DAVIES THROWS HIS RACKET IN THE AIR AS HE AND WILSON BEAT FRANCE IN THE DAVIS CUP. Great Britain reached the final of the European Zone of the Davis Cup when M. G. Davies and R. K. Wilson beat J. C. Molinari and P. Darmon of France at Manchester on July 18. The score was 4-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-1. It is the first time since the war Great Britain has reached this final. The European Zone final will be against Italy at the beginning of August.



NEW AMBASSADOR TO LEBANON: MR. P. M. CROSTHWAITE. Mr. Punsobhy Moore Crosthwaite has been appointed to succeed Sir George Middleton as Ambassador to Lebanon, it was announced recently. Mr. Crosthwaite arrived in England on July 16 from New York, where he has been Deputy U.K. Representative to the United Nations since 1952.



TO BE AUDITOR-GENERAL: SIR EDMUND COMPTON. Sir Edmund Compton has been appointed Comptroller and Auditor-General in place of the late Sir Frank Tribe, it was announced on July 14. At present at the Treasury during the war he was Lord Beaverbrook's Private Secretary at the Ministry of Aircraft Production. He takes up his appointment in October.



ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT ON JULY 17: LORD LISTOWEL, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF GHANA, AND LADY LISTOWEL, FORMERLY MISS STEPHANIE WISE. The Earl of Listowel, Governor-General of Ghana, was married to Miss Stephanie Wise, a Canadian singer, at a quiet ceremony in Accra on July 1. Lord Listowel's first marriage was dissolved in 1945. Lord and Lady Listowel first met in Paris two years ago, and they had been engaged for the past year.



U.S. COMMANDER AT THE LEBANON LANDINGS: ADMIRAL JAMES L. HOLLOWAY, JR. Admiral James L. Holloway, Jr., has been given the command of the United States landings in Lebanon as C-in-C. Specified Command, Middle East. Admiral Holloway, who is fifty-nine, is also C-in-C of the U.S. Naval Forces in the Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean.



KILLED IN THE SACKING OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN BAGHDAD: COLONEL GRAHAM. Lieutenant-Colonel P. L. Graham, who was Controller of the Household, was the only member of the Embassy staff to lose his life when the British Embassy in Baghdad was sacked and burnt on July 14. Colonel Graham, who was sixty, was killed by a stray bullet.



AT BILSBY: THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE, MAJOR R. A. FULTON, BEING CONGRATULATED BY HIS FATHER, WHO HAS HIMSELF WON THE PRIZE THREE TIMES. Major R. A. Fulton, R.A. (T.A.R.O.), continued his family's tradition by winning the Queen's Prize at Bilsby on July 19. He is an international marksman and has represented Great Britain at home and abroad many times. His grandfather won the prize in 1888 and his father in 1912, 1926 and 1931—when it was known as the King's Prize.



A FORMER BRITISH FREIGHTER CAPTAIN (LEFT) GREETS THE U-BOAT COMMANDER WHO SPARED HIS LIFE. Captain H. Baker, now the licensee of a public house in Poole, Dorset, recently entertained as a holiday guest the former German U-boat commander, Wilhelm Schultz, who had spared his life in an encounter during the war. Risking attack by Allied aircraft, Commander Schultz surfaced to save Captain Baker and other survivors of the ship he had just torpedoed.



A CZECH DELEGATE AT A PEACE CONFERENCE IN STOCKHOLM: EMIL ZATOPK, THE FAMOUS RUNNER. A noted delegate at a recent World Peace Council conference in Stockholm was Emil Zatopek, the world-famous runner. He is seen wearing special translating earphones. At the turn of a selector switch, conference speeches are translated into any one of five languages.



decided that all the trees, shrubs and plants that he offered should have English names. His finest effort was with *Buddleia globosa*, which he listed as

THAT somewhat surprising term, "buddle-bush," demands, perhaps, an explanation. It dates from the catalogue of a nurseryman of long ago, who

SOME BUDDLEBUSHES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

6- or 8-ft. stake up which it may be trained, by pruning away all side-shoots and branches, only allowing the central growing shoot to develop. It is a rapid grower. When it has reached the appointed height of 6 ft. or so, its head may be allowed to develop. In a neighbour's garden there is such a standard specimen, with a woody stem as thick as my arm, and a splendid weeping head, over 6 ft. in diameter, which is extremely beautiful in June-July when in flower, and attractive at all times.

Reginald Farrer collected and introduced another buddleia species, *Buddleia farreri*. It is a handsome shrub, growing up to a height of 9 ft. or so, with big leaves heavily felted with silver-white down. The plumes of pinkish-lilac blossom have always struck me as rather disappointing, in comparison with the promising show of those fine silvery leaves. Unfortunately, *B. farreri* is not very hardy. Probably it is safe enough in warmer

southern and western districts, but in my garden at Stevenage and now here in the Cotswolds the bush is invariably cut to ground-level each winter, and sprouts vigorously in early summer, to reach a height of 2 or 3 ft. at most. Farrer used to swaddle his *B. farreri* at his home, Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, in a great bundle of sacking, and so have a permanent 6-ft. bush each summer. Personally, I do not admire the plant sufficiently to go to that trouble, and endure the sight of a shapeless mummy all through the winter months. Perhaps if it had been one of my own introductions I might feel differently about it.

Buddleia globosa seems to me to just miss being a really good shrub. Its golden globular honeycomb bobbles of blossom are attractive, but among the mass of foliage they are perhaps too few and a trifle too small to be effective.

The most popular of all the buddleias in cultivation is, I suppose, *B. davidii*, better known, perhaps, as *B. variabilis*, with its tapered plumes of lilac or purple, honey-scented flowers. Somehow, however, I can never quite bring myself to like this handsome shrub as I feel I ought to. Yet it is surely worth growing for the splendour of the butterflies, chiefly Peacocks and Red Admirals, which crowd out the blossom-plumes in late summer, to enjoy half-drunken orgies on the nectar.

THE BRANCHES AND TWIGS ARE "STUDDED ALONG THEIR WHOLE LENGTH WITH CLUSTERS OF SMALL LAVENDER BLOSSOMS": A DETAIL OF *BUDDLEIA ALTERNIFOLIA*.

the Globose Buddlebush. Stout fellow! How I wish that I still possessed a copy of that historic catalogue. I would place it on my holy-of-holies bookshelf, behind glass doors, next to Reginald Farrer's Craven Nursery catalogue of Alpine plants in which he offers *Viola nummulariaefolia*, and describes it as "an extremely rare treasure beyond praise or price—7s. 6d." That 7s. 6d. always seemed to me a bit of a come-down for a treasure which was "beyond price."

But we have to thank Farrer for collecting and introducing two most excellent species of buddleia, *B. nanhoensis* and *B. alternifolia*. I see that *nanhoensis* is given in the R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening as a variety of *B. davidii*. It is a charming dwarf form, growing from 5 to 8 ft. tall, with neat plumes of violet blossom. Farrer gave me a pot specimen of it when I last saw him at Ingleborough, and I grew it for many years at my nursery at Stevenage. It never exceeded a height of 6 ft. there. A specimen which I struck as a cutting from that plant, and planted out here in my Cotswold garden has run up to 9 ft. Tiresome. I particularly liked its dwarfness at Stevenage. Perhaps with age it will learn to behave itself.

Buddleia alternifolia is a very different plant. In fact, it is unlike any other known buddleia. It makes a large bush up to 20 ft. tall, with slender branches, and twigs rather weeping in habit, and with narrow, silvery, deciduous leaves, and studded along their whole length with clusters of small lavender blossoms. A most charming and graceful bush. But it might prove too large in small gardens. In such case a good plan is to grow it as a standard. To do this is quite simple. A young specimen may be planted out with a stout



"UNLIKE ANY OTHER KNOWN BUDDLEIA": *B. ALTERNIFOLIA*, GROWN HERE, AS RECOMMENDED BY MR. ELLIOTT ON THIS PAGE, IN STANDARD FORM. Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

Fortunately the plant-breeders have done fine work with *B. davidii* and produced bigger, better, buddlier buddleias, with huge and handsome plumes in deep lilac, rich violet, pink, crimson (almost) and white. I think that perhaps the reason for my rather qualified liking for these buddleias is that they suggest the opulent ostrich plumes which the coster-girls of Victorian days wore in their hats on high days and holidays. Not that I disliked the sight of Victorian coster-girls. They were rather jolly.

In view of the startling developments which plant-breeders have produced with *Buddleia davidii*, I would suggest that they turn their attention to *B. globosa*. Imagine a variety with much larger golden bobbles, and more of them, many, many more. It could almost certainly be done. It would seem that there is no limit to what can be produced in the way of fruit, flower, or vegetable, by cross-breeding and careful selection. It is only necessary to look at nursery and seed catalogues, illustrated for preference, and compare modern varieties with the relatively poor specimens which we thought so wonderful no longer than fifty years ago. I am given to understand that the hybridist who set out to cross a homing-pigeon with a talking parrot, in order to produce birds which would deliver verbal messages, failed—or, at any rate, had failed up to date. Then, too, there is the retired bimetalist in Biggleswade—or is it Giggleswick?—who for years has been trying to breed a breed of Dalmatian dogs in reverse—that is, black, with white spots. Or, better still, a black-and-white poodle, the whole of one side black, and the other half white.

I greatly want a nice middle-sized poodle. I don't greatly mind the colour. Its devotion and a sense of humour are what really matters. More work in the house? On the contrary. A good poodle does more than half the housework. Or so I tell my wife.

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TYPICAL OF THE MEANS WHEREBY THE U.S.A.F. TACTICAL AIR COMMAND CAN MOVE TROOPS LONG DISTANCES IN QUANTITY TO REMOTE TROUBLE SPOTS: A LARGE MILITARY TRANSPORT PAUSING AT ROME BETWEEN GERMANY AND THE NEAR EAST.

It is one of the points of technical interest about the U.S. reinforcement of the Lebanese Government that between July 15, the date of the first landing at Khaldi Beach, and July 21, the date of completion of the airlift, more than 10,000 U.S. troops, a force in excess of the whole Lebanese Army, were brought into the country with heavy vehicles and complex equipment. Some of this was put ashore by vessels of the U.S. Navy; but many of the troops were flown in, some from Adana, in Turkey, others from West Germany and at least one

battalion from North Carolina. Despite this heavy charge on their transport aircraft, the U.S. authorities were able to spare some aircraft to fly heavy loads of petrol from Beirut to supply British troops in Jordan, since Saudi Arabia had refused permission for fuel-carrying aircraft to cross Arabia from the Persian Gulf to Jordan. The *Globemaster*, the C-124, can carry 200 troops and their field equipment in its huge two-deck hull. Other transport aircraft are the Fairchild *Packet*, the new Lockheed *Hercules*, and the Douglas C133A.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



(1) WHERE IT IS BELIEVED KING FAISAL PERISHED: THE ROYAL PALACE, AFTER IT HAD BEEN SACKED BY THE MOB. (2) THE SACKING OF THE BRITISH INFORMATION CENTRE. (3) THE REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS: (LEFT) THE PREMIER, GENERAL ABDEL KERIM KASSEM, AND HIS DEPUTY, BRIGADIER ABDEL SALAM AREF. (4) AN IRAQI SOLDIER IN THE WRECKED RECEPTION HALL OF THE KING'S PALACE. (5) AND (6) IRAQI TROOPS TAKING UP STATION IN THE COURTYARD OF KING FAISAL'S PALACE, AFTER THE SACKING.

BAGHDAD, IRAQ. LEADERS OF THE REVOLUTION; AND FIRST PICTURES OF THE CITY AFTER THE COUP.

The first announcement of the revolution in Iraq by Baghdad Radio on July 14 was followed by conflicting news of the fate of the King, the Crown Prince and the Prime Minister. It was finally established that they had all been killed, however. According to reports from Turkey on July 20, King Faisal, the Crown Prince and other members of the Royal family were ordered into the Palace courtyard by a rebel officer and several soldiers and were then massacred by machine-gun fire. After the revolution, the new

Government, headed by General Abdel Kerim Kassem as Prime Minister and Brigadier Abdel Salam Aref as his Deputy, concluded an agreement with the United Arab Republic of Egypt and Syria on July 19. On July 21 a military official of the Iraq Embassy in London said the new régime in Iraq wished to continue the former relations between Iraq and the West; the revolutionary Government regretted the sacking of the British Embassy, and there was to be compensation for the damage.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



AT NANAIMO, DURING HER VANCOUVER ISLAND TOUR: PRINCESS MARGARET CUTTING THE 18-FT.-HIGH 5-TON BRITISH COLUMBIA CENTENARY CAKE.



WHILE ATTENDING THE INDIAN POTLACH AND PAGEANT AT COURTENAY ON JULY 16: PRINCESS MARGARET MEETING AN INDIAN CHIEF WITH A SUPERB HEAD-DRESS.



A GIFT TO PRINCESS MARGARET FROM THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA: THE 540-ACRE PORTLAND ISLAND, RENAMED PRINCESS MARGARET ISLAND, IN THE CHANNEL BETWEEN VANCOUVER ISLAND AND THE MAINLAND.



(Above.) AT PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, ON JULY 14: PRINCESS MARGARET RECEIVING THE DEEDS OF PORTLAND ISLAND FROM THE PRIME MINISTER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, MR. W. BENNETT. THE 540-ACRE ISLAND, NOW RENAMED PRINCESS MARGARET ISLAND, WAS THE GIFT OF THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.



(Left.) WHEN ATTENDING MATINS AT CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, VICTORIA, ON JULY 13: THE PRINCESS RECEIVING A BOUQUET.

BRITISH COLUMBIA. PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE START OF HER CANADIAN TOUR.

Princess Margaret's Canadian Tour opened in British Columbia, which is this year celebrating its Centenary. She reached Victoria, the capital of the Province, on July 12, and after a restful week-end took part in a crowded programme on July 14. After being received by the Mayor in the City Hall the Princess went on to Parliament Buildings, where she replied to the Prime Minister's address of welcome. That evening her Royal Highness was practically "mobbed" by the enthusiastic guests when she arrived for the Garden Party in the grounds of Government House. The highlight of the following day was Princess Margaret's Review of a Fleet in the Royal Roads, which is described elsewhere in this issue. On July 16 the Princess made a road and air tour of Vancouver Island.



ON BOARD H.M.C.S. CRESCENT FOR THE FLEET REVIEW ON JULY 15: PRINCESS MARGARET STUDYING THE VESSELS THROUGH BINOCULARS. BESIDE HER IS REAR-ADMIRAL H. S. RAYNER.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH HIS PRESS SECRETARY, MR. JAMES HAGERTY, ON THE DAY THAT HE MADE HIS STATEMENT ON U.S. AID TO LEBANON. On July 15 President Eisenhower made a statement which was filmed for broadcasting by television announcing the decision to dispatch U.S. troops to Lebanon as a result of the request made by President Chamoun—not as an act of war but to preserve the independence and integrity of Lebanon.

(Above.)
WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH MRS. EISENHOWER AND (RIGHT) MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK, WHEN THE LATTER HAD BEEN VISITING THE WHITE HOUSE FOR LUNCHEON WITH THE PRESIDENT ON JULY 15.

(Right.)
U.S.A. THE LATEST TYPE OF U.S. AIR TROOP CARRIER, THE LOCKHEED C-130 HERCULES WHICH CARRIES 64 PARATROOPS OR 92-100 INFANTRYMEN—OR VARIOUS EQUIPMENT.

The Lockheed *Hercules*, which is America's latest and most suitable air transport for moving troops in operations such as the current support of Lebanon, is powered with four turbo-prop engines. It was designed to the specification of the U.S. Tactical Air Command and first went into service in 1956, additional orders being placed at the end of 1957, when in addition twelve of these powerful transports were ordered by the Royal Australian Air Force.



ON THE NORTHERN LEBANESE FRONTIER WITH SYRIA: MEMBERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS OBSERVATION GROUP IN LEBANON, WHICH WAS REPORTED TO HAVE OBTAINED FULL FREEDOM OF ACCESS TO ALL SECTIONS OF THE LEBANESE FRONTIER ON JULY 15.



A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE UNITED STATES LANDING IN LEBANON: A DUTCH AND AN ITALIAN MEMBER OF THE U.N. OBSERVATION GROUP INSPECTING REBELS' ARMS. The situation of the United Nations Observation Group in Lebanon has been discussed several times in the Security Council since the U.S. landings in Lebanon. In these discussions it has emerged that the Observers have not been reporting certain facts. Sweden has suggested that the Group should suspend its activities rather than accept American help.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



THE MIDDLE EAST, SHOWING THE BORDERS OF IRAQ AND SYRIA WITH THOSE OF JORDAN AND LEBANON AND VITAL OIL PIPELINES.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE OLD PART OF BAGHDAD, THE SCENE OF THE REVOLT AGAINST KING FAISAL, ANNOUNCED BY BAGHDAD RADIO ON JULY 14.



CROWN PRINCE ABDUL ILLAH OF IRAQ, WHO WAS KILLED IN THE REVOLT, WITH PRINCESS FAZILET, WHO BECAME ENGAGED TO KING FAISAL RECENTLY.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF PART OF BEIRUT, THE SCENE DURING PAST WEEKS OF OUTBREAKS OF SHOOTING BETWEEN REBELS AND GOVERNMENT FORCES AND OF OCCASIONAL BOMB EXPLOSIONS AND, MORE RECENTLY, OF THE U.S. MARINES' ARRIVAL.



IN BAGHDAD, WHERE A LARGE-SCALE PROGRAMME OF BUILDING HAS BEEN IN PROGRESS: A VIEW OF THE FINE PALACE WHICH WAS BEING BUILT FOR KING FAISAL.



NEAR AMMAN: A VIEW OF THE PALACE OF KING HUSSEIN, WHOSE APPEAL FOR MILITARY AID WAS ANSWERED BY BRITAIN ON JULY 17.

THE MIDDLE EAST. SCENES AND PERSONALITIES OF THE RECENT UPHEAVAL.

By July 17 it appeared that the revolution in Baghdad, carried out by a group of Army officers, and first announced by the rebel-held Baghdad Radio on July 14, had been completely successful. Following earlier conflicting reports about the fate of King Faisal, Nuri al Said, the Prime Minister of the Iraq-Jordan Federation, and Crown Prince Abdul Illah, it was now assumed they had all been killed in the uprising. In Baghdad, there was considerable popular support for the new Government, headed by Abdul Karim el Kassem, and also

for President Nasser's pan-Arabism, while the Federation with Jordan had not received solid support. To President Chamoun of Lebanon and King Hussein of Jordan the events in Iraq offered a serious threat, and almost immediately both called for aid. In response, American Marines began landing near Beirut on July 15 and British parachute troops landed in Jordan two days after. American troops later landed in Turkey. Soviet manoeuvres on the Persian and Syrian borders had been announced.

THE ever-smouldering furnace of the Middle East has once more turned to the white heat of a revolutionary crisis. The United States and the United Kingdom have intervened, not at the point where the combustion originated, but in two other regions to which the effects would immediately have spread had their Governments been left without support. Once again a discordant choir of voices testifies to the divisions and uncertain groping for policies of onlookers believing in or professing to believe in freedom. "The right move at last!" "A blunder!" "A crime!" "Pathetically late!" Unhappily, these divisions and intellectual waverings are notably prominent in our own country.

The revolution in Iraq was effected by surprise but followed a familiar pattern and was a possibility at any time. Arab armies to-day carry within them the seeds of revolution, and it is the officers rather than the rank and file who are the propagators. They are deeply impregnated with the intense Arab nationalism of the moment. This has flowed also through the bazaars, and the rôle of the soldiers has on many occasions been to stir up the mobs rather than to preserve law and order. To arouse passion against the United States and the United Kingdom is an easy task enough, and made the easier by their own open divisions in the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. TESTING TIME.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

intended to. Jordan brought some of her troubles on to her own head by cutting the close military link with Britain, but no one can deny that King Hussein has since shown great pluck and determination in an intensely hazardous position. He and his Government were left exposed to peril even worse than that of Lebanon because the two States were united by the closest possible bond and because Jordan depended on Iraq's greater strength. Here the appeal for aid came later than that from Lebanon, but from the first it was virtually bound to come.

In one respect, however, Jordan is rather more defensible than Lebanon, certainly with some outside aid. The past has shown, when Iraqi forces moved westward as allies, how difficult it was to maintain them across the desert. It would be harder if they came as foes. Jordan has also a frontier of well over 200 miles with Syria, a bitter enemy harbouring the refugees who have striven to overthrow the régime. Yet, apart from the

is a satisfactory guide and a conscience which doubts whether morality is infringed by steps to prevent the overthrow of the Governments of Lebanon and Jordan is practising needless self-torture. And in this particular case an article of the United Nations Charter authorising nations to take common action in self defence appears to be apposite.

It is still more important to consider where the doctrines of the apostles of inaction at all costs are likely to lead, and indeed where they have already led. Is no friendship worth seeking or making an effort to honour if it has been secured? Is it likely that any international friendship can be retained if one friend after another is thrown to the wolves as soon as they howl for blood? Danger lurks in intervention—that goes without saying. But danger equally great, and certainly more dishonourable, lies in sitting with folded arms when friends cry out for the aid on which they have counted and which they feel themselves justified in demanding. We are told we have to live with Arab nationalism. Of course we have to. Is it to be a nationalism which is all hatred because all friends are dead, or exiled, or in prison?

Well, the views I have discussed have been rejected by the Governments of the United States



WHERE BRITISH PARACHUTE TROOPS LANDED ON JULY 17 IN RESPONSE TO KING HUSSEIN'S APPEAL: AMMAN AIRFIELD, WHICH WAS CLOSED DURING THE LANDINGS IN THE MORNING AND EVENING.



CAPITAL OF JORDAN AND SEAT OF KING HUSSEIN'S GOVERNMENT: AMMAN—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CITY WHERE AN ANTI-GOVERNMENT COUP ON THE LINES OF THAT IN IRAQ WAS PLANNED FOR JULY 17.

Photographs by Aerofilms Ltd.

recent past over many Middle Eastern policies and actions. At the moment the revolution would appear to have been fully successful and no credible reports suggest intervention against the revolutionaries in Baghdad by troops stationed in other districts.

Lebanon has been in turmoil for a long time, but in some respects the revolutionary movement bore an air of comic opera, as when American marines encountered bathing belles on the beach when they landed in martial array. The rebel leader not only continued to live in Beirut but was enabled to issue his orders on his own telephone. Here the army did not revolt, but it conducted the civil war, when it did so at all, on its own terms. All this makes no difference to the fact that the revolt in Iraq was followed, on the best public information—and undoubtedly on unpublished information in the hands of the British Government—by large-scale movements of armed forces across the Syrian frontier. Had the American marines not landed on July 15, it is virtually certain that Lebanon would have been forcibly integrated in the Arab Republic within the next few days.

In Jordan, a primitive State, the temper is harsher but also more serious. There the first coup was expected to occur and in all probability

presence of American forces in Lebanon—which might be expected to make Syria at least think twice—the helping hand extended by Britain on July 17 should suffice to keep Syria quiet.

This, however, applies only to a fleeting moment of time, the moment of the present emergency. If we take a broader view of the situation, we realise that we must consider the whole question of intervention. There is a school which tries to persuade us, not merely that intervention in any form is out of date—which facts prove to be untrue—but that it is a sin, and that it is useless because sentiment and passion are stronger than force and acquire new strength if it is applied against them. This view is held by many people who in the past have taken part in the conduct of a great war and are opposed to any form of unilateral disarmament now. It cannot, therefore, be dismissed with contempt.

These arguments are complicated by a certain haziness which surrounds the words "lawful government." There was, for example, a little trouble when President Chamoun of Lebanon took office. But "lawful government" and "democracy" are not synonymous. If they were, many more unlawful governments would exist to-day than is actually the case. In fact, accepted usage

and the United Kingdom. The right action has been taken. This, however, is only the beginning. In the future these two Governments, and it may be their forces, have to face not only the immediate effects of the revolution in Iraq but the deterioration of their prestige due to their own past errors and weaknesses. Two melancholy milestones on the road to disrespect and lack of trust are the crises of Abadan and the Suez Canal. Those events did this country infinite harm. In both, the British Government lost its nerve. In both the primary agent in weakening its resolution was the Government of the United States.

These old quarrels are not dug up in spite or reproach. They cannot be neglected because they influence so heavily the difficulties now before us; it may well be, indeed, that another three or four days of the operations in the Suez Canal zone would have given us five or ten years of relative peace in the Middle East. Now it is not possible to assert with confidence that the action taken in Lebanon and Jordan will fully serve its purpose. I hope I am wrong, but I see stiff work ahead. I have no room to deal with other vital aspects, especially Russian reactions and the fate of the oilfields. I must end by saying how evil a day Thursday, July 17, seemed, waiting for news; how heartening it was to hear that this time nerves were good and there was no flinching.

U.S. MARINES IN LEBANON: THE UNOPPOSED ENTRY INTO BEIRUT.



AT BEIRUT AIRPORT: TWO UNITED STATES NAVY AIRCRAFT ON ONE OF THE RUNWAYS AT THE TIME OF THE FIRST LANDINGS OF U.S. MARINES IN LEBANON.

ALMOST immediately after the first of the American Marines came ashore in Lebanon on July 15 the first units, accompanied by amphibious vehicles, moved off across the dunes to Beirut Airport, which had shortly before been visited by the American Ambassador. At first the Airport was closed to civilian traffic, but in the evening, when the area had been surrounded by Marines and a company of them was on duty in the Airport buildings, it was opened again. The following day, after further landings had been made, tanks and armoured personnel carriers of the Marines moved into Beirut and its port from the airfield, being led by the American Ambassador, Mr. McClintock, in his official car. While the Marines did not meet with any armed resistance, and many civilians were friendly to them, it was believed the Lebanese Army were not favourable to their entry into Beirut, and the rebel leader, Saeb Salem, ordered his followers not to fire on the Lebanese Army—but, apparently, to be prepared to oppose the Marines. The President of the Chamber of Deputies sent a protest against the landings to the Security Council and to President Eisenhower. Lebanon's Presidential election was to be held on July 24.



THE DAY AFTER COMING ASHORE: AMERICAN MARINES IN JEEPS AND TANKS IN BEIRUT ON JULY 16.



TWO LORRY-LOADS OF AMERICAN MARINES PASSING A HOTEL IN BEIRUT WHILE MOVING TOWARDS THE PORT, WHICH WAS OCCUPIED ON JULY 16.



A FEW HOURS AFTER COMING ASHORE: A UNITED STATES MARINE, PROTECTED BY SANDBAGS, ON GUARD AT BEIRUT AIRPORT. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE OTHER WELL-ARMED AMERICAN SERVICEMEN.



AMERICAN MARINES MOVING INTO POSITION ROUND THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN BEIRUT. THE MARINES MADE THEIR LANDINGS AND ENTERED BEIRUT WITHOUT ENCOUNTERING RESISTANCE.



IN THE PORT OF BEIRUT ON JULY 16: PART OF THE CONVOY OF U.S. ARMoured PERSONNEL CARRIERS WHICH HAD MOVED UP FROM KHALDI BEACH.



WHILE LANDING-CRAFT AND WARSHIPS OF THE U.S. SIXTH FLEET WAIT OFFSHORE: U.S. MARINES LAYING A WIRE ROADWAY ON KHALDI BEACH ON JULY 15.

THE UNITED STATES LANDINGS IN LEBANON: ON KHALDI BEACH AND IN THE PORT OF BEIRUT.

The revolution in Iraq on July 14 rapidly set off a series of critical events in the Middle East, among them the United States landings in Lebanon on the following day in response to President Chamoun's urgent appeal. When the American landings were reported to the United Nations Security Council by Mr. Cabot Lodge at an urgent meeting on July 15, Sir Pierson Dixon immediately pronounced Britain's full support of the action. The Soviet delegate, however, attacked the American move, and on the following day a

Soviet statement called on the United States to withdraw its troops from the Lebanon immediately and reserved the right "to take necessary actions to preserve peace and security." Also on July 16 the House of Commons debated the situation without a division, though the Opposition did express some disapproval of the Government's support of the American action. The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, flew to Washington that evening for talks with Mr. Dulles. He saw President Eisenhower on July 17.



ON THE SANDS OF KHALDI BEACH : A NUMBER OF HEAVILY-ARMED AMERICAN MARINES KNEELING AS THEY WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL TO MOVE INLAND.



MARCHING THROUGH BEIRUT : A GROUP OF MARINES IN ONE OF THE CITY STREETS THE DAY AFTER THE FIRST LANDING.

THE UNITED STATES' FIRST DIRECT MILITARY INTERVENTION IN THE MIDDLE EAST: LANDING, AND ENTERING BEIRUT.

Since early in May Lebanon has been in a state of upheaval, the country being torn by the rift between President Chamoun's Government and the rebels. After a Lebanese Government complaint of massive interference in her internal affairs by the United Arab Republic of Egypt and Syria, a United Nations observer team was sent to Lebanon, but after investigation did not support the charges of outside interference. President Chamoun, whose resignation the rebels have been demanding, recently said he would not seek re-election, thus apparently easing the Lebanese situation, but this was followed on July 14 by news of the revolt in Iraq. President Chamoun, feeling

that this further endangered the situation in Lebanon, called for assistance from the United States, and on July 15 the first group of American Marines landed near Beirut. President Eisenhower said the landing was made in conformity with Article 51 of the U.N. Charter. Opposition in Lebanon to the U.S. landing was not entirely confined to the rebels, who, however, did not at first come into serious conflict with the Marines. President Eisenhower also said that American forces would be withdrawn from Lebanon as soon as the Security Council took the necessary steps to maintain international peace and security.



U.S. MARINES GOING ASHORE ON KHALDI BEACH NEAR BEIRUT ON JULY 15—THE UNITED STATES LANDING IN LEBANON IN RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL OF PRESIDENT CHAMOUN.

At about one o'clock on July 15 units of the American Sixth Fleet approached the Lebanon coast near Beirut at Khaldi Beach. Two hours later some 1200 U.S. Marines started to come ashore in the first batch, and by July 20 it was reported that there was a total of 8000 United States troops in Lebanon. As the first Marines came ashore crowds of Lebanese bathers and sightseers

gathered to watch this most interesting spectacle, and to give the Marines a friendly greeting. Thus America's first direct military intervention in the Middle East started quietly and uneventfully. While preparations for the landings were being made President Eisenhower announced in Washington that this action had been taken in response to an urgent appeal on the

previous day by President Chamoun of Lebanon, whose Government has been endangered by the rebels in Lebanon since early in May and for whom the Iraqi revolution might have proved disastrous. President Eisenhower also stated that the United States would report its action to the U.N. Security Council, where it was ultimately given a somewhat mixed reception. While

the news from Iraq remained uncertain and contradictory, it became clear that the revolution in that country had opened a new phase in Middle East affairs, in which the American action was immediately heralded as a vital central feature. On July 17 it was reported that an American force of 5000 men was standing by at the Adana base in Turkey.

YOUTHFUL IMPRESSIONS OF THE EDWARDIAN AGE.

"EDWARDIAN DAUGHTER." By SONIA KEPPEL.*

An Appreciation by E. D. O'BRIEN.**

PLENTY of distinguished writers, with good memories and balanced judgment, have chronicled for us the Edwardian Age. It is not a picture in which delicate half-tones have much chance of survival. All the colours are bright, if not strident. All the characters are forceful and firmly developed, as determined in their eccentricities as in their gaiety, rather snobbish, just a little vulgar, but witty, intelligent, gracious and courageous. Such was the world so delightfully described in "The Edwardians" and "As We Were," the world of extravagance and high fashion observed for us by Miss Sackville West and Mr. E. F. Benson from the terraces of the great country houses, from the ballrooms in Grosvenor Square, and from the steps of the Throne itself. Now Sonia Keppel has shown us the same world observed from the nursery, the schoolroom, and the *boudoir de jeune fille*—"young lady" sounds too Victorian, and "girl" too brisk and modern. It is exactly the same world, but very much on its way out, for Miss Keppel was a débutante of the war years, and married in 1920.

Her mother was the famous hostess, Mrs. George Keppel, whose influence on King Edward VII was said to have been so great that even Asquith and the Cabinet availed themselves of it to soothe that capricious monarch, when he found himself irritated—or, more likely, bored—by his Ministers. But nothing of this emerges from Miss Keppel's book. She is concerned only with her memories, not with the secret history of a reign, and that makes her pages all the more authentic. "Kinky" certainly appears, but he enters and leaves the story rather abruptly, just as he would in the life of a little girl to whom he was a familiar figure demanding, for some obscure reason, the tribute of a curtsy. (She was as likely as not to drop her curtsy to Sir Ernest Cassel instead, for he, too, sported a beard, be-ringed hands, and a cigar.) But she overcame her shyness sufficiently to play with the King a thoroughly messy game which consisted in placing two slices of bread-and-butter on his trousers, butter side down, and making penny bets on the winner as they slid side by side to the floor. But, of course, the Edwardians were messy, in that kind of way. Like the courtiers of King Charles II, they threw food at one another, with merry laughter and quips in the odd slang of the period.

Miss Keppel's description of her alarm and resentment when the King died is rather touching. "A pall of darkness hung over the house. Blinds were drawn, lights were dimmed, and black clothes appeared, even for me, with black ribbons threaded through my underclothes." It was all too much for the child of ten, who sobbed out to Papa: "Why does it matter so much, Kinky dying?" "Poor little girl!" he replied. "It must have been very frightening for you. And for all of us, for that matter. Nothing will ever be quite the same again." He was right. King Edward incarnated his own era in a manner which made him much more than a symbol. It would have lasted longer, had he lived.

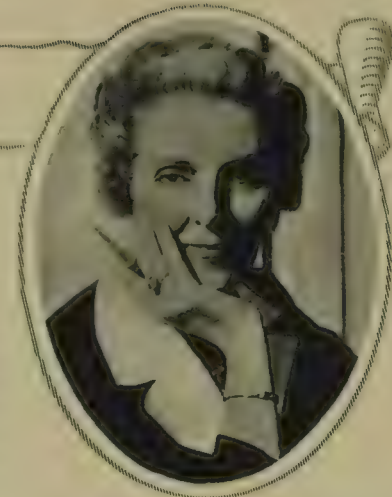
How clearly, too, the child's memory has recorded her mother's great charm and vivid personality! All thoughts of car-sickness were banished from her mind when Mamma made her convincing remark: "No one has ever been sick in an electric brougham." But Mamma was as practical as she was gay and charming. She "turned a deaf ear to Nannie's hopeful comment that Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley's children had real lace on their knickers." Cheerfully she parried it: "Mrs. Ashley can afford it; I can't." Very few Edwardian parents would have risked making so shocking an admission to the incurably snobbish servants of those days, with their exact rules of

precedence in "the Room" and "the Hall." Mr. Rolfe, the butler, once wrote to Miss Keppel when she was away from home: "Dear Miss Sonia, you are getting a big girl now, and you must call me Rolfe. And you must stop signing yourself 'Your loving Sonia.' It does not do. Yours respectfully, W. Rolfe." As Mr. Belloc had already written:

In my opinion, butlers ought
To know their place, and not to play
The Old Retainer, night and day.

On occasion, Mrs. Keppel could act or speak with calculated point. She forced Lord Alington to drive her through Hoxton, where he owned a lot of slum property. The drive took three hours and, at the end of it, Lord Alington was speechless and miserable. "As he dropped her at home, Mamma thanked him enthusiastically. 'I do think it was charming of you to let me see Hoxton as it is now,' she said. 'Next time I go there I shan't recognise it.'" Miss Keppel hopes, rather dubiously, that she was right. Indeed, the

anything to say about that?)—and although later they made friends, she felt herself overshadowed and ignored. She was teased, pinched, and made a butt by other children, especially by Lois Sturt, the Alingtons' daughter. However, Mamma once came to her rescue, telling Lois that if she pinched Sonia again, she would stamp on her toe. "Unbelievably, Lois did it again. Mamma stamped, hard and accurately, and Lois was carried, screaming, from the room."



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SONIA KEPPEL.

Sonia Keppel recalls in "Edwardian Daughter" memories of her childhood—in which King Edward VII and other noted figures played a prominent part—and of later years until her marriage in 1920 to the Hon. Roland Cubitt. She has also written "Sister of the Sun."

Portrait by Cecil Beaton.



A VICTORIAN FAMILY GROUP: "PAPA INTRODUCING MAMMA TO HIS FAMILY, 1891," ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN "EDWARDIAN DAUGHTER."

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Hamish Hamilton.



MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL, THE MOTHER OF THE AUTHOR, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN. SHE WAS A NOTED PERSONALITY OF EDWARDIAN TIMES AND WAS A FRIEND OF KING EDWARD VII.

character of Lord Alington does not emerge from this portrait with much credit. On another occasion Mrs. Keppel fiercely rebuked him for a cutting taunt addressed to his son, paralysed through war-wounds.

In spite of Mamma's charm and Papa's kindness and the security of his strength, Sonia's childhood cannot have been very happy. She was, she tells us, ugly and shy. Her elder sister Violet did not speak to her for the first ten years of her existence—(didn't Nannie and Mademoiselle have

Nor were matters much better when Sonia began to grow up. Mrs. Asquith, confident that she could cure her shyness, invited her to lunch at No. 10, Downing Street, where she found herself placed between the Prime Minister and Lord Kitchener. As a remedy for shyness, these were kill-or-cure tactics—and they killed. The Prime Minister asked her some dates in history, and she couldn't answer him. Then, turning to Lord Kitchener, she quaveringly asked: "Have you got a dog?" "No, I have not!" he snapped back. "I hate dogs!" So the scene ended in tears, and Sonia was sent home in disgrace with a note from Mrs. Asquith to her mother: "Don't bring Sonia out, dearest Alice. Let her try something else."

Margot Asquith flits in and out of the story like a benevolent witch on a broomstick—sitting up all night during the war to deal with her tremendous correspondence, and asking to be fortified with sandwiches; arriving late for Sonia's wedding and pounding on the door of the Guards' Chapel with furious cries of "Let me in! Let me in!"; denouncing the Bishop of Guildford, who had failed to turn up to perform the marriage ceremony: "Criminal inefficiency! I'll take it up with the Archbishop of Canterbury!" We catch glimpses, too, of other famous Edwardians, such as Mrs. Ronald Greville, Sir Thomas Lipton and Lady de Trafford. Often they are no more than glimpses, which is tantalising, but Miss Keppel has exercised severe self-discipline in resisting the temptation to spend more time on these Tritons than could be justified by the memory of a girl who spent far more time with the minnows in her pond—Nannie, "Moiselle," Rolfe, Perriat the chef, and so on.

There can be no doubt that this ascetic approach, if such it can be called, has been the making of the book. Take, for example, one of Miss Keppel's later memories, in her débutante year, when the Grand Duke Dmitri was present at the same house-party for Ascot. Sonia vaguely recalled the story of the assassination of Rasputin, in which the Grand Duke had taken a leading part. So, while she was very proud of walking by his side in the Royal Enclosure and introducing him, with studied unconcern, to her girl friends, she refused an invitation to dine with him at Skindles. "Spiced drinks and cyanide. . . . One never knew. And I could not be sure that, after dark, he would not mistake the Thames for the Neva."

If that is art, it is very good art indeed.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 166 of this issue.

* "Edwardian Daughter," by Sonia Keppel. Illustrated. (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.)

** Owing to Sir John Squire's indisposition this review has been contributed by Mr. E. D. O'Brien.



Edward Goodall

ASSOCIATED WITH THE NAVY SINCE IT WAS BUILT IN 1866: ST. PAUL'S ROYAL NAVAL STATION AND GARRISON CHURCH, ESQUIMALT, VANCOUVER ISLAND.



Edward Goodall

BUILT AS HIS HOME BY THE HON. JAMES DUNSMUIR (1851-1921), THE RAILWAY AND COALMINING MAGNATE: "HATLEY CASTLE"—NOW THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE CANADIAN SERVICES COLLEGE, ROYAL ROADS, VICTORIA.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AND "HATLEY CASTLE": CANADIAN NAVAL AND MILITARY LANDMARKS ON VANCOUVER ISLAND.

On July 15 Princess Margaret embarked in H.M.C.S. *Crescent* and reviewed a fleet of thirty-two ships in the Royal Roads, near Esquimalt Harbour, B.C. This was the first time that a Royal Fleet Review had been held in Canadian waters, and it was part of the Centenary celebrations of British Columbia. That evening her Royal Highness attended the Naval Review Dinner at the Canadian Services College, of which the Administration Building is seen here. This remarkable building was once the home of the Hon. James Dunsmuir,

the railway and coalmining magnate who was at one time Premier of British Columbia, and Lieutenant Governor of the Province from 1906-10. Known as "Hatley Castle," it was built at vast expense and completed in 1908. The gardens and estate were also most lavishly laid out. In 1940, the Dunsmuir family no longer being in residence, it was purchased by the Canadian Government, and became a Naval Training Establishment, and was named "Royal Roads." In 1948 the Canadian Services College (for all three services) was established there.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Edward Goodall.



THE BASE OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY'S PACIFIC FLEET: ESQUIMALT HARBOUR, BRITISH

In this drawing of Esquimalt Harbour, which lies some five miles from Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, several of the Canadian ships which took part in the Review of the Fleet by Princess Margaret on July 15 are seen. In the centre, alongside the quay, is H.M.C.S. *Crescent*, the 2100-ton destroyer escort from the bridge of which the Princess reviewed the Fleet. Entering the harbour on the left is H.M.C.S. *Ontario*, an 8800-ton light cruiser and the largest of the Canadian ships which took part in the Review. Tied up on the left are three

of the "St. Laurent" class destroyer escorts. In the centre of the harbour is H.M.C.S. *Miramichi*, a new "Bay" class coastal minesweeper. In the right background are several ships of the Reserve Fleet. Most of the Canadian ships taking part in the Review were units of the Canadian Pacific Fleet, which has its base at Esquimalt Harbour, the second of Canada's two chief naval bases. For the Review on July 15, the first Royal Fleet Review to have been held in Canadian waters and arranged as part of the British Columbia Centenary

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated



Edward Goodall

COLUMBIA, CLOSE TO THE ROYAL ROADS WHERE PRINCESS MARGARET REVIEWED A FLEET.

celebrations, the thirty Canadian, British and United States ships were stationed in the Royal Roads, near Esquimalt Harbour, in four lines, each a mile long, dressed overall. As *Crescent* approached the Fleet from Victoria Harbour a co-ordinated 21-gun salute was fired, and as she sailed slowly between the columns each ship's company removed their caps and gave three cheers. The Royal Navy was represented by the cruiser *Newcastle*, while the largest warship in the Fleet was the 30,800-ton U.S. aircraft carrier *Bennington*. Some of the

London News" by Edward Goodall.

buildings seen in the foreground of this drawing were built in the late nineteenth century when Esquimalt was a Royal Naval Station. This was established there in 1865. The first naval establishment on Vancouver Island dates from 1856, and was, rather surprisingly, connected with the Crimean War. Following the attack on Petropavlovsk, the Fleet came to the island with wounded. Accommodation for them was erected on Perry Point, now known as Duntze Head. The Royal Canadian Navy took over Esquimalt Harbour in 1906.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

DAWN TO DAYLIGHT—A REVIEW.



I WONDER whether many people share two prejudices which are dear to me? The first is an admiration for the architecture and sculpture of that period in the development of European Art we call Romanesque—that is, roughly, the eleventh and twelfth centuries; the second, a corresponding boredom with the comparatively little that remains of its painting, whether frescoes or book illumination. To me, builders and sculptors expressed themselves massively, brutally, naïvely but nobly, whereas the painters, whether working on a large or miniature scale, were by comparison cramped and confined by too rigid a convention and too little skill.

If anything could bring me to change these opinions it would be the new Skira volume, "Romanesque Painting,"* in which the field is surveyed with great skill and the usual blaze of colour by André Grabar and Carl Nordenfalk: indeed, the simple rhythms of the fresco of the two horsemen from a church in Scotland, printed on the title-page, for all its faulty drawing, would put anyone in a good humour from the very beginning. Compared with this, the fresco of Adam and Eve from St. Botolph's, Hardham, Sussex, can only be described as deplorably clumsy and provincial, wholly different from the later and well-known St. Paul and the Viper at Canterbury, with its flowing curves and its appearance of being a book illustration writ large.

The book illustrators seem to me to show far more resource. While some of the wall paintings were presumably done by the same persons who did the miniatures, one has the impression from these splendid illustrations that the majority were from the hands of far less accomplished people. It seems clear enough that the illuminated manuscripts, painted in monastic peace where time stands still, provided much greater opportunities for individual expression. The conventions still had to be respected, but the artist was free to improvise and to draw upon his imagination for decorative detail. Time and again one is enchanted by his ingenuity in the use of plant and animal and human forms to fashion an image of playful extravagance, as when, in the mid-twelfth century Psalter of Henry of Blois, Hell is shown as a monstrous, many-headed creature engulfing the damned and—crowning incongruity—a somewhat priggish angel locks its mouth with a great key. It is a decidedly geometric and rigid style, and yet one feels all the time that the painter is unconsciously struggling towards a greater freedom. Occasionally he succeeds, as is shown in two contrasting pages towards the end of the volume. One is a page from an early thirteenth-century MS. at Munich upon which Summer is represented by stylised trees oddly

reminiscent of a Persian MS. of a few hundred years before. Then—and 100 years earlier—come two initials from a Cîteaux MS. in the Municipal Library at Dijon, the one an initial "I" formed of a tall tree, with a logman at the top cutting the highest branches while a monk wields an axe below; the other an "O" formed by two monks chopping wood facing each other, which I can best describe as an imitation Osbert Lancaster cartoon.

It was also a sign of the times that anonymity is no longer invariably preserved—the artist is becoming important, and his portrait is sometimes to be found, mainly in the margins, but exception-

ally in a grander manner—indeed, in a copy of the Utrecht Psalter in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, there is a full-page portrait of a monastic craftsman with a Latin inscription anticipating Shakespeare's proud sonnet by some four centuries—"Scribe, nay, Prince

volume he can please himself as to whether he pays it the attention it deserves. The author points out that there is documentary evidence of Donatello's activities for almost every year from 1404 to 1461, but extremely little about his character as a man. The very few comments by those who had direct contact with him are contradictory, and there are no self-portraits: enough to say here that extraordinary pains are taken to sift every shred of evidence both as to the artist's personality and to his work.

Many will find these mole-like activities tedious; for pedantic minds they can be dangerous, the student developing into a myopic bore no longer capable of enjoying but only of worrying himself over irrelevancies. To take but one example from these volumes, there is the enormous amount of space devoted to a discussion about what, I imagine, is the most generally popular of all Donatello's works, the bronze David at Florence. Several generations of erudite gentlemen have tied themselves into knots in the endeavour to answer the question why, early in the century, Donatello carved a marble David in the way he did, and then, about 1430, made the bronze David in a totally different manner. Many books and many articles have been written on the point and many lectures have

been given—all duly examined by Professor Janson. It does not seem to have occurred to anyone that a man of the sculptor's calibre should be allowed to exercise his imagination as his genius dictates. And the result of all this prolonged examination? "That the clue to the meaning of the David must be found in the realm of humanistic thought, rather than in that of religious symbolism pure and simple, nevertheless seems plain enough." I ask who on earth, looking at the David for the first time—that beautiful youth with his high boots and flop hat—could imagine that he came straight out of the Old Testament? This is not the rough young hero of Hebraic tradition, destined to grow up into the King whom, it is said, Queen Victoria was not anxious to meet in Paradise, but a David as imagined by a formidable mind steeped in the legends of classical antiquity; a slaughterer of giants in the form of a Perseus, the two legends inextricably mingled. That, surely, is all there is to it: and the more one worries oneself about why and wherefore, the less likely is one to appreciate the range and quality of so great a sculptor.

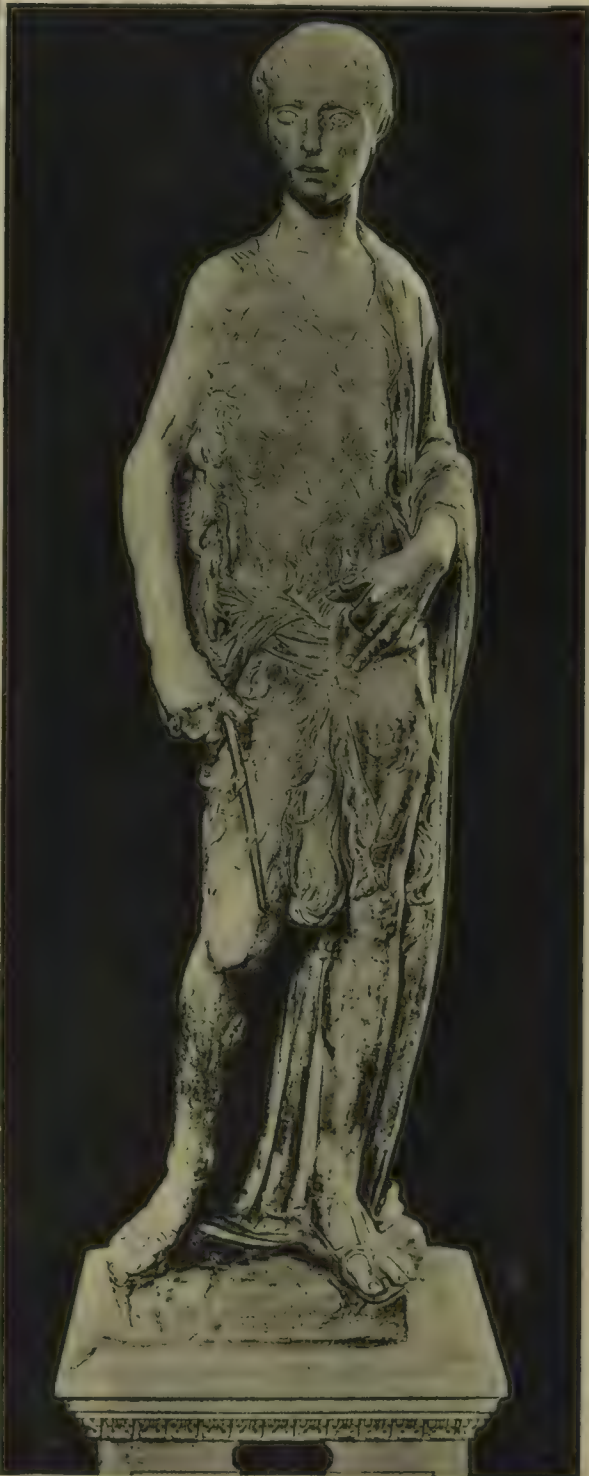
I would repeat, though, that, short of an extended pilgrimage to Florence, Rome, Siena and Padua, these two volumes provide all that is required for the enjoyment of Donatello, whose performance is so much more splendid than anything the most learned of scholars can say about him.



A DETAIL OF THE HEAD OF THE "MARZOCCO" (THE LION OF FLORENCE)—A SANDSTONE CARVING BY DONATELLO EXECUTED IN 1418-20. (MUSEO NAZIONALE, FLORENCE.)

of Scribes am I. Neither my praises nor my fame shall ever die. Let the letters traced by my pen declare the man I am." Yet impressive in the main, sometimes touching, often extremely amusing though all this can be, man is still clearly bound by the shackles of mediæval thought.

With what triumphant grace he freed himself is to be studied in the two large volumes devoted to a critical analysis of the work of Donatello—studies based upon the researches of the late Dr. Lányi (who was lost at sea during the Second World War) and now completed at the request of his widow by Professor H. W. Janson, of Princeton. It is a formidable work of scholarship with innumerable notes, fully documented and with 660 of the finest photographs one can imagine, including very many details. The non-expert may perhaps be alarmed by the length of the critical catalogue, but as this is a separate



"GIOVANNINO MARTELLI"—ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AS A YOUTH: A DONATELLO OF C. 1455. BOTH THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE ARE REPRODUCED FROM "THE SCULPTURE OF DONATELLO," BY H. W. JANSON (PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS), WHICH FRANK DAVIS REVIEWS IN HIS ARTICLE. (Marble: 68½ ins.)

* "Romanesque Painting—From the Eleventh to the Thirteenth Century." Texts by André Grabar and Carl Nordenfalk. With 99 colour reproductions. (Skira: distributed in Great Britain and the Dominions by A. Zwemmer Ltd.; £7 15s.)

† "The Sculpture of Donatello." (Volumes I and II.) By H. W. Janson, incorporating the notes and photographs of the late Jenő Lányi. With 660 photographs. (Princeton University Press: London; Oxford University Press—2 Volumes, £16.)

OLD MASTER AND MODERN FROM MAES TO MARQUET.



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN," BY NICOLAES MAES: IN THE EXHIBITION OF "MASTERPIECES FROM YORKSHIRE HOUSES." (Oil on canvas: 54 by 40½ ins.) (Lent by Sir Ralph and Lady Lawson.)

The Exhibition of "Masterpieces from Yorkshire Houses," which is to be seen at Temple Newsam House, Leeds, until August 31, has been arranged as a memorial exhibition to the late Ernest Musgrave, O.B.E., who died as the result of a road accident last year. Mr. Musgrave, who was Director of the Leeds City Art Gallery and Temple Newsam House from 1946 till his



"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS": A SUPERB FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN MASTERPIECE ATTRIBUTED TO THE MASTER OF THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW ALTAR. (Oil on panel: 30 by 18½ ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Halifax.)

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THREE EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND LEEDS.



"YOUNG MAN WITH A GLOVE": NOW ATTRIBUTED TO TITIAN AND FORMERLY THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN BY GIORGIONE. (Oil on canvas: 39 by 33 ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Halifax.)

death, inaugurated a "Picture of the Month" scheme soon after his appointment. Each month a masterpiece from a Yorkshire house was lent by its owner and exhibited at the Gallery, and for this memorial exhibition thirty-eight of these pictures have been gathered together. There are a considerable number of fine portraits, of which two are shown here.



"PORT DE BOULOGNE": A PAINTING OF 1930 IN THE ALBERT MARQUET EXHIBITION AT THE CRANE KALMAN GALLERY. (Oil on canvas: 15 by 31 ins.)

There are twenty paintings and a few drawings in the Albert Marquet Exhibition at the Crane Kalman Gallery, 178, Brompton Road, S.W.3, which continues until July 31. Albert Marquet (1875-1947) first achieved fame as one of the "Fauve" painters in Paris at the beginning



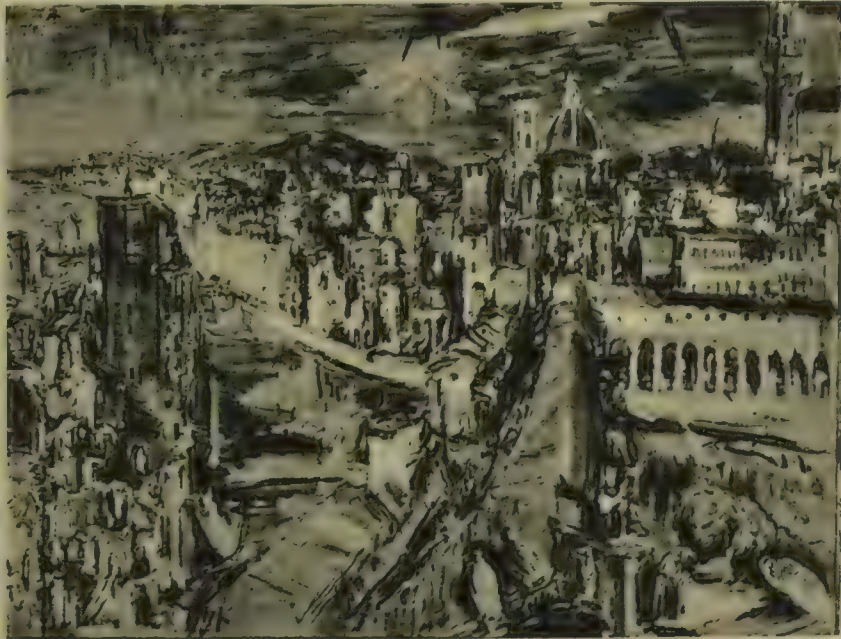
"NOTRE DAME": PAINTED BY MARQUET IN ABOUT 1918 AND TYPICAL OF HIS FINE PARISIAN SCENES. (Oil on canvas: 21 by 25½ ins.) (Lent by a private collector.)

of the century, and continued throughout his life to paint luminous landscape, river, town and harbour scenes in Europe and North Africa. Also at the Crane Kalman Gallery is a group of paintings by Jean Puy, a friend and colleague of Marquet's, who is still living.



"LE LONG DU CHEMIN DE FER": A FINE LANDSCAPE OF 1878 BY ALFRED SISLEY (1840-1899) IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE O'HANA GALLERY. (Oil on canvas: 19 by 25½ ins.)

Though entitled "Modern French Masters, 1850-1950," the large summer exhibition which continues at the O'Hana Gallery, 13, Carlos Place, W.1, until September 30, includes works by a number of artists who are certainly not French in fact, though they may be in spirit.



"FLORENCE": AN IMPORTANT PAINTING OF 1951, BY OSKAR KOKOSCHKA, THE AUSTRIAN-BORN ARTIST WHO CAME TO ENGLAND IN 1938. (Oil on canvas: 43 by 53 ins.)

Among the French artists Bonnard, Renoir and Sisley are well represented. The front gallery is dominated by the impressive Kokoschka shown here and by the brilliant "Hay Making" of Kees van Dongen. There is also a moving pastel portrait of 1910 by Edward Munch.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THORNY PATH FOR YOUNG PREDATORS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

TWO phrases caught the fancy of the early protagonists of Darwin's theory of natural selection. The first was "Nature red in tooth and claw." This has had a timely death, although its wraith may occasionally be summoned by the less well-informed. To-day, we realise that predation is counter-balanced by a fair degree of co-operation in the lives of animals, that much of the apparent internecine fighting is mere shadow-boxing, and that the percentage of deaths from killing by predators is low compared with that from other natural causes such as disease and hunger. The second phrase, which has survived, was "The survival of the fittest." Even here, our concept has been somewhat modified although the words used are unaltered. The two phrases together combined to give the impression that for animals in the wild the dice were loaded heavily in favour of the predator. This may be generally true when we consider only the moment of actual attack, but in general terms there are many modifying considerations.

If there were no such qualifications, the logical conclusion would be that a predator species, by its dominance and superiority, would increase enormously in numbers. It would then be in danger of reducing the numbers of the species preyed upon until it was itself in danger of starvation. In practice, neither of these things happens. To give a concrete example, it has always been mentioned as a puzzle that the African lion, with its litter of four to five cubs a year, remained in the same numerical inferiority to the zebra, with its one foal a year. Since zebras existed, before man interfered with them, in such vast numbers, there must be other causes operating to keep the numbers of the lion steady at a low level. The same situation is true for other beasts and birds of prey, even if its circumstances are less obvious.

The two phrases quoted also tend to give the impression that the bird or beast of prey, those armed with teeth and claws, are magnificently courageous, yet the more one learns about them, the more one is inclined to agree with the remark that there is something inherently cowardly in a predator. There is more to it than this, however, and we can make the general statement that the young of predatory animals seem much more difficult to rear than those of the species preyed upon. And experiences with young tawny owls seem to bear this out.

I recently re-read some notes that had been lying more or less neglected in a drawer of my desk since 1950. They represented an almost verbatim account of the words of an elderly Sussex man, whom we will call Smith, because that was his name. He was one of those who,

at the age of eighty years, could still do a full day's work in his garden. In his time, he had been mole-catcher mainly but also many other things besides, all connected with the land. These notes embodied his views on young tawny owls. They suggested that there was a very high mortality each year among fledgling owls, for two reasons. The first was that when they left the

nest they were very slow to learn how to feed themselves. The second reason was that each owl must have its own territory for hunting, and it must keep this feeding-ground exclusively for itself. To do this it must drive out relentlessly all other tawny owls trespassing therein, of whatever age. Since tawny owls are fairly numerous, there is little of the countryside that is not held by one of them. Therefore, the young owl seeking a home must either find a territory the owner of which has died, or it must drive the owner out, which is more difficult, or it must starve. So what with the difficulty of learning how to feed itself, and being harried by older owls

the woods across the road from my house, and which included my garden in its hunting territory, was sitting on top of the aviary, obviously making unpleasant sounds at its occupants. That evening it stayed there for a long time, until, presumably, hunger caused it to depart for more profitable employment. Since that day, this owl has never failed to visit the aviary when it first sets out in the evening. Now it sits in the branches of the oak rather than on top of the aviary, but there can be little doubt from its persistence that if we were to let either of the captive owls go, they would fare badly with it.

The coming of these young owls also showed another hazard in the lives of these young predators. The following morning, at first light, the small song-birds discovered they were there. They came flying in from all points of the compass, landed in the branches of the oak, and on all possible perches around it. They were all highly excited and hopped from branch to branch until the whole of this large tree seemed to be on the move. They all chorused their alarm notes, and between the endless turmoil of their movements and the cacophony of their united calls, this was the most fantastic natural spectacle one could wish to see. As the days passed, the visitations by the small birds grew less and less, and after a week or so died down completely. Even so, it was easy to see that if a fledgling owl on leaving its parents were to be harried by grown owls by night and by small song-birds as soon as the other owls had gone to their daytime roosts, it would have little opportunity to hunt for food.

On a number of occasions I have tried to coax the tame owls to accept food, without knowing that the wild owl was sitting in the branches overhead. Even when they are hungry, they will resolutely refuse the food as long as the wild owl is there, but will peer up at it with what looks very much like apprehension. They would also refuse food, even when hungry, if the small birds congregated outside the aviary.

Since that time when we had the first owls we have had several other youngsters brought in to us to care for. These have been hand-reared, some successfully, others not. Always we have had fledglings of other species being hand-reared at the same time, and there is little doubt that



A PREDATOR-TO-BE, BUT MUCH BESET BY DANGERS: A YOUNG TAWNY OWL.

The young bird-of-prey faces hazards at least as great and probably much greater than the young of species preyed upon. The young tawny owl has to contend both with a difficulty in finding food and also with the hostility of its elders.

Photograph by John Field.



A YOUNG TAWNY OWL BEING HAND-REARED. AS COMPARED WITH YOUNG SONG-BIRDS THE YOUNG OWL IS MARKEDLY BACKWARD AND MAKES LITTLE ATTEMPT TO CO-OPERATE. (Photograph by Jane Burton.)

wherever it goes, the young owl stands a very poor chance of winning through.

My own close acquaintance with young tawny owls began several years ago when we were presented with two. In anticipation of their arrival, we built a large aviary for them under a spreading oak in the garden. The owls arrived at dusk and were put into the aviary. Within half an hour—I cannot be sure of the exact period of time, but it was very shortly after their arrival—the tawny owl that we knew roosted in

whereas the young of non-predatory species will, once they have settled down, make a positive effort to assist one's attempts to feed them, the young owls, certainly for a much longer period, seem incapable of comprehending what is being done to help them. Taking all things into consideration, in this species, at least, there seems to be a natural selection exerted within the species itself to keep the numbers at a low level. There may be something similar for other predatory species. Exactly what makes tawny owls the fittest to survive is not clear.

THE EMPIRE GAMES: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FIRST DAY.



IN THE FINAL OF THE JAVELIN: C. G. SMITH ABOUT TO MAKE HIS WINNING THROW, SETTING UP AN EMPIRE GAMES RECORD.



THE 4 X 110 YARDS SWIMMING RELAY FOR WOMEN: THE WINNING AUSTRALIAN TEAM—L. TO R., D. FRASER, S. MORGAN, L. CRAPP AND A. COLQUHOUN. THEY WON IN A WORLD RECORD TIME.



IN THE FINAL OF THE WEIGHT (WOMEN'S): V. I. SLOPER, OF NEW ZEALAND, MAKING HER WINNING AND GAMES RECORD THROW.



THE FINAL OF THE 100 YARDS: K. GARDNER, OF JAMAICA, NEAREST CAMERA, WINS IN 9.4 SECS. TO SET UP A NEW EMPIRE GAMES RECORD.



AT THE OPENING: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AFTER RECEIVING THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE FROM K. J. JONES.



THE END OF A GRUELLING RACE: W. D. POWER, OF AUSTRALIA, WINNING THE 6 MILES IN A RECORD TIME FOR THE EMPIRE GAMES. SECOND IS J. L. MERRIMAN, WALES.



AFTER SETTING UP A NEW EMPIRE GAMES RECORD FOR THE 4 X 220 YARDS SWIMMING RELAY: THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM—L. TO R., KONRADS, WILKINSON, DEVITT AND CHAPMAN.



ENGLAND'S MEN'S FOILS TEAM WHICH RETAINED THE TITLE IN THE FENCING CHAMPIONSHIP; L. TO R., RENE PAUL, HARRY COOKE, RAYMOND PAUL AND ALLAN JAY.

THE British Empire and Commonwealth Games were opened in fine weather by the Duke of Edinburgh on July 18 at Cardiff Arms Park. There was good weather again on the following day. Among the outstanding contests of the afternoon were the final of the 100 yards, which was won by Gardner, of Jamaica, in 9.4 secs., and the final of the six miles, won by W. D. Power, of Australia. Gardner's victory set up new British all-comers', British national and Empire Games records, while Power, with a time of 28 mins. 47.8 secs., set up a new Empire Games record. Eldon's notable failure in the six miles was partly owing to the heat. While C. G. Smith won for England in the javelin, with a new Games record throw, the strong England men's foils team firmly won the final pool. A new world record was established by the Australian victory, in a time of 4 mins. 17.4 secs., in the final of the 4 x 110 yards women's swimming relay.

(Right.) CLEARING 6 FT. 9 INS.—A NEW EMPIRE GAMES RECORD: E. HAISLEY, OF JAMAICA, WINNER OF THE MEN'S HIGH JUMP.



Continued.] of Australia. Gardner's victory set up new British all-comers', British national and Empire Games records, while Power, with a time of 28 mins. 47.8 secs., set up a new Empire Games record. Eldon's notable failure in the six miles was partly owing to the heat. While C. G. Smith won for England in the javelin, with a new Games record throw, the strong England men's foils team firmly won the final pool. A new world record was established by the Australian victory, in a time of 4 mins. 17.4 secs., in the final of the 4 x 110 yards women's swimming relay.

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN LONDON AND WINDSOR; AND A DAR ES SALAAM CEREMONY.



AT THE HANDING-OVER CEREMONY ON JULY 19: A VIEW OF THE CROWD GATHERED ROUND THE 100-FT.-HIGH TOTEM POLE FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK.



WATCHED BY CHIEF MUNGO MARTIN, WHO CARVED THE TOTEM POLE: THE QUEEN MOTHER UNVEILING THE COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE AT ITS BASE.
In the absence of the Queen owing to her illness the Queen Mother officially accepted the 100-ft.-high totem pole presented to the Queen by the Government and people of British Columbia, to mark the centenary of the province, and erected in Windsor Great Park.



IN THE GROUNDS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DAR ES SALAAM, ON JULY 16: SIR RICHARD TURNBULL TAKING THE OATHS AS GOVERNOR AND C.-IN.-C. OF TANGANYIKA.
Before a large gathering Sir Richard Turnbull took the oaths of allegiance and office as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Tanganyika in a ceremony at Dar es Salaam on July 15. Sir Richard made a short speech, first in English, and then in fluent Swahili.



AT THE RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE JOINT COMMONWEALTH SOCIETIES IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE: THE QUEEN MOTHER MEETING SOME OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONERS AND THEIR WIVES.
Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attended a reception given by the Joint Commonwealth Societies in St. James's Palace on July 16. During the reception her Majesty met some of the Commonwealth High Commissioners and their wives.



DURING A TOUR OF GARDENS IN LONDON: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MOTHER SMILES AS SCHOOLCHILDREN SHOW HER THEIR POTTED PLANTS.
During a tour of gardens in London on July 14 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Holy Trinity Church of England School, Royal Street, London, S.E.11. During her visit, the Queen Mother was shown an impressive array of potted plants by the children of the school.

AFTER RESTORATION: THE OPENING OF CHISWICK HOUSE.



CHISWICK HOUSE—A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-WEST, SHOWING CHIMNEY-STACKS WHICH HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO THEIR ORIGINAL FORM.



AN INTERIOR VIEW IN CHISWICK HOUSE, SHOWING ONE OF THE TWO GILDED SEMI-DOMES IN THE GALLERY, AND STATUES OF CLASSICAL FIGURES.



THE MAIN FRONT OF THE VILLA, SHOWING THE FINE ENTRANCE AND ELABORATE DOUBLE STAIRWAYS, DECORATED WITH NOTED ORNAMENTAL URNS.



THE CEILING OF THE RED VELVET ROOM, ON WHICH IS SHOWN MERCURY LOOKING DOWN ON FIGURES REPRESENTING ARCHITECTURE, PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

Chiswick House, the fine Palladian villa built by the third Earl of Burlington in the eighteenth century, was scheduled to be opened by the Duke of Devonshire on July 24 following restoration work on the building by the Ministry of Works. After the opening, Chiswick House was to be open to members of the public. The restoration has been carried out so as to reproduce as nearly as possible the original form of the building. A major part of the work has been the removal of the late eighteenth-century wings added by the fifth

Duke of Devonshire. The interior has been described as the richest and most complete example of the Palladian revival still existing in England. The house passed into the hands of the Cavendish family in 1753. After being acquired by the municipal authorities, the property was made over to the Ministry of Works in 1948. Chiswick House is largely the creation of Lord Burlington, but William Kent played an important part in the design of the gardens, and also took a part in the design of the interior.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

LIVING FOR PLEASURE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I USE as my title this week the title of the new Garrick Theatre revue. Four of the six productions noticed here (and almost certainly a fifth) belong expressly to the Theatre of Entertainment; the sixth is about as fierce as one can imagine. Certainly, after its première, I moved out cautiously, watching for snipers; in the circumstances, and since—in spite of its intensity—it does not really matter much, I will leave it until the end.

But where to begin? In such a week as this, it is simpler to be chronological. Very well: "The Joshua Tree" (Duke of York's). We need not debate the title, which is merely whimsical decoration. The play, anything but whimsical, concerns an attempted insurance fraud in Beverly Hills, California. I know the rune, "From bias free of every kind this trial must be tried," but there is something about Beverly Hills, and especially its domestic architecture as we meet it on the stage, that makes my spirits droop. However, there have been far worse sets than Michael Weight's. Before long, at the première, we were too absorbed in the play to know whether the scene was furnished in the kitchen-dresser austerity of the Horniman school (1908) or in the full fig of modern California.

I say "absorbed." This absorption does not last. But for two acts the dramatist, Alec Coppel, can keep us in subjection. Whenever we are on the edge of feeling that it is impossible, that (and we look round hopefully for Judge Brack) people don't do such things, Mr. Coppel can hit us hard with some preposterous theatrical surprise. Alas, a dramatist, unless he is a master, cannot go on doing this for three acts, and Mr. Coppel's final surprises seem to me to be just silly.

It is the kind of play desperately hard to discuss. Unless one has no conscience, and is prepared to reveal any development without thought for playgoers to come, all one can say of "The Joshua Tree" is that it is a puzzle about a fraud. I have said it before, so I can merely add that we get performances of proper determination by Anne Baxter, Hugh McDermott, and William Sylvester; that there is a cast of sixteen (one of whom, to make it more difficult, does not arrive); and that there is a certain amount of medical chat, to me more fascinating than the details of the fraud. We have also one of the weakest short scenes I remember lately: included, I gather, simply that the author can lunge in at the end with one of his better surprises. A curious business and certainly belonging to the Theatre of Entertainment (Division—Melodrama; Sub-Section—Incredible).

Next afternoon, at the Duchess, another melodrama and different methods. "Double Cross" is just as preposterous as "The Joshua Tree," but its author, John O'Hare, has decided, unwisely, that it is more exciting to limit the cast to a single pair of characters. So we spend our time in a hunting cabin in the New Hampshire hills while these adventurers, just-married, realise slowly that each is out to dispose of the other. Affection, comradeship, urbanity—the layers peel off until the pair are poised for a last tooth-and-claw battle in the waning afternoon of a December day.

Unlike Mr. Coppel, the dramatist has no real surprises. It is not hard to guess that this must be the O. Henry situation

of two biters bit: all will depend upon the author's inventiveness within his close framework. Alas, there is little. Mr. Coppel was wildly wasteful with his sixteen characters; but I preferred that to Mr. O'Hare's desperate resolve to sustain one long duologue throughout the play. The characters are uninteresting; all rests upon what Dulcie Gray and Terence Morgan can bring to them, and a dramatist can seldom have had so much cause to be grateful to his company.

At night, "Living for Pleasure" (Garrick). Here I could relax. It may not be the best intimate revue I remember, but it has Dora Bryan and that says much. The most extraordinary things happen to Miss Bryan, and she receives them with a startled primness. You know that, all the while, she is asking herself what the neighbours will say. In effect, too, she is begging us to keep the news from them. What would they think if they knew that Dora was being whirled by a dancer in a hotel bedroom—this sudden explosion into ballet comes hilariously towards the end of the evening—or dancing as "a rather dainty book-end," or holding a trying colloquy with a Fairy Godmother

The material—book by Arthur Macrae, music by Richard Addinsell—is up and down; but one re-lives the better scenes with pleasure, and lets the others slide. I have a clear memory of the three "Sloane Street ladies" as they demolish insolent youth; of Daniel Massey, who has charm enough for six, as the Scottish shepherd who sighs for Hyde Park; of he and Janie Marden singing "Love you good, love you right"; and, for no special reason—the sketch is indifferent—of George Rose, as some mock-Shakespearean monarch, sweeping across the stage with the cry, "I'll to Cheddar Caves, There to converse with divers whoreson knaves." A very good night, on the whole, though there could be cuts ("The Horse's Aspirations," for example).

Still living for pleasure, I reached "Three Way Switch." Here is another insurance fraud, this time on the outskirts of Maidenhead. I reveal nothing in telling you that the plan miscarries. It is the kind of light comedy that, with not many alterations, could have been done in the 'Thirties. Ronald Jeans writes gently purring nonsense that such artists as Daphne Anderson, Leslie Phillips, Cyril Raymond and Bryan Forbes treat with the most accurate light-comedy technique. Thanks to them, we do not realise until the night is over that it has really been a thin evening, with its fuss about a pearl necklace and its comic shuffling and dithering. Still, its four main performances at the Aldwych carry it, and we think of the delight that dawns in Mr. Phillips's eye as he evolves yet another and even less persuasive story.

"The Hamlet of Stepney Green," far more original than the other plays, is by a young dramatist, Bernard Kops. For two acts, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, there is a ghost on the stage: the gentlest, blandest of ghosts. Now and again the players flicker into song (traditional Jewish melodies), and the entire business is agreeably unpredictable: odd, but refreshingly so. This author has, at times, hints of a Jewish O'Casey, or—better—he may remind you of "Happy as Larry." His sense of humour (whether the jokes are good or bad) remains his own. You need not bother about the poison and the potion and the "Hamlet" parallel. What counts is the queer happiness of it all, the feeling that one is at the birth of a new talent in the theatre. Wandering and wavering though it is, "The Hamlet of Stepney Green" nevertheless makes an excellent night, even if I can readily imagine it better acted than by the present Oxford company, with Harold Lang, John Fraser, and (a newcomer since the first production) Thelma Ruby in principal parts. Frank Hauser's production is warmly complete.

Lastly, we reach Desmond Stewart's "Room in the Paradise" (Belgrade, Coventry) which has nothing to do with the Theatre of Entertainment.

It is a heated night in an Algerian brothel that has become a beleaguered stronghold during a clash between French and Arabs. The piece, with its debate on the rights and wrongs of the business, proves to be a fierce melodrama crossed with topical journalism. The intentions are excellent; but it is not a profitable experience in the theatre, and the company—Barbara Atkinson and Leonard White excepted—cannot do very much to help.

More yet . . . No: this must be enough for a single week.



"ONE OF THE MOST ENDEARING REVUE COMEDIENNES OF HER TIME": DORA BRYAN WITH GEORGE ROSE IN "LIVING FOR PLEASURE" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.



"WHAT COUNTS IS THE QUEER HAPPINESS OF IT ALL, THE FEELING THAT ONE IS AT THE BIRTH OF A NEW TALENT IN THE THEATRE": A FIRST-ACT SCENE FROM "THE HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN" SHOWING (L. TO R.) DAVID LEVY (JOHN FRASER), SAM LEVY (HAROLD LANG), HAVA SEGAL (RUTH MEYERS) AND MR. SEGAL (JOHN BARRARD).

who wants an unwilling Cinderella to go to the ball. Miss Bryan's raised eyebrows, pursed mouth, no-nonsense voice, incredulous glances—and, beneath all, her extreme enjoyment of all that happens—make of her one of the most endearing revue comedienues of her time.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"NOON HAS NO SHADOWS" (Arts).—A Canadian play by Patricia Joudry. (July 18.)

"THE PRIVATE PROSECUTOR" (Royal Court).—The Salisbury Arts Theatre company in a play by Thomas Wiseman. (July 21.)

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES" (Sadler's Wells).—Arthur Benjamin's opera presented by the New Opera Company. (July 21.)

"THE UNICORN, THE GORGON, AND THE MANTICORE" and "THE SOLDIER'S TALE" (Sadler's Wells).—The British première of an opera by Menotti, followed by Stravinsky's work. (July 22.)



IN THE INTERNAL GLASS-WALLED COURTYARD OF THE RECENTLY COMPLETED PRINCIPAL'S LODGE AT NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE: THE PRINCIPAL, MISS R. L. COHEN (LEFT), WITH THE ARCHITECT, MR. LOUIS OSMAN (RIGHT).

AT HOME AND ABROAD:
A MISCELLANY OF NEWS.



TWO OF THE CHARACTERS IN WESTMINSTER'S LATIN PLAY: GRUMIO (T. E. RADICE, LEFT) AND TRANIO (S. I. EDEN). For its Latin Play this year, performed in the open air in Little Dean's Yard on July 17 and 18, Westminster School chose the "Mostellaria" of Plautus, which was last produced at Westminster in 1569. This lively and entertaining open-air performance was given in modern dress, and good use was made of Ashburnham House as the "backcloth."



IN LITTLE DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER: PART OF THE AUDIENCE WATCHING A SCENE FROM THE "MOSTELLARIA" OF PLAUTUS.



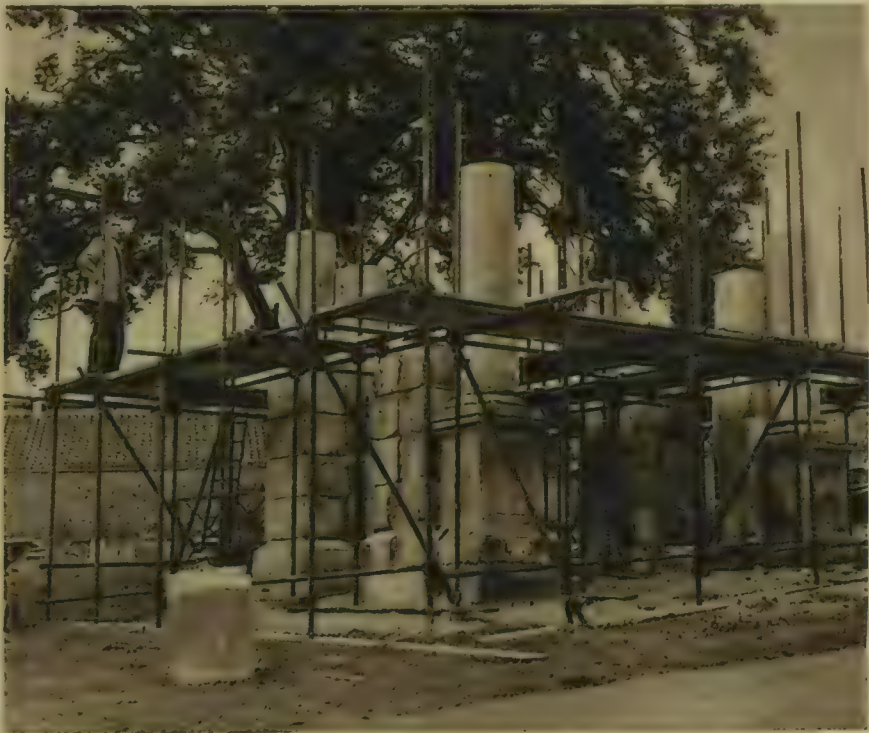
PREPARING FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP RACE: THE BRITISH ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON'S 12-METRE YACHT *SCEPTRE* DURING A PRACTICE RACE IN POOLE BAY, DORSET. DURING HER RECENT TRAINING SHE WAS REGULARLY BEATING HER PACEMAKER, *EVAINE*.



DURING THE RECENT AMERICAN TRIALS TO CHOOSE A DEFENDER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP, HELD OFF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND: THE AMERICAN 12-METRE YACHT *COLUMBIA* WINNING ONE OF THE TRIAL RACES, IN WHICH SHE COMPILED THE BEST RECORD. THE AMERICA'S CUP RACE WILL BE IN THE AUTUMN.

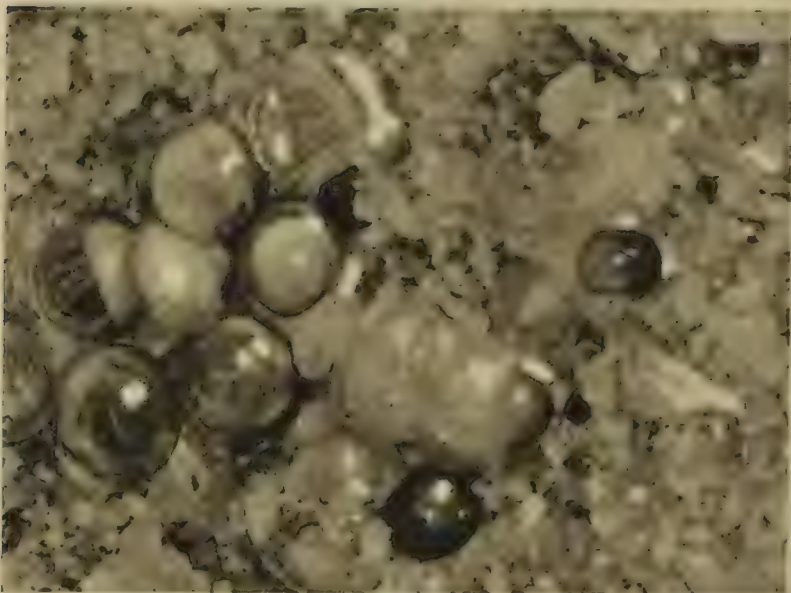


IN BROOKWOOD MILITARY CEMETERY: A MODEL OF THE NEW MEMORIAL TO MEMBERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH LAND FORCES, TO BE UNVEILED IN OCTOBER. The new Memorial in Brookwood Military Cemetery, Surrey, commemorates 3500 men and women of the Commonwealth land forces who perished during World War II and who have no known grave. The Memorial is designed by Mr. R. Hobday.



BEING RE-ERECTED AT TATTERSALL'S PADDOCK, NEWMARKET: THE FAMOUS ARCHWAY WHICH USED TO BE AT THE ENTRANCE TO TATTERSALL'S, IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE GREEN, WHERE A NEW OFFICE BLOCK HAS RECENTLY BEEN BUILT. IT IS HOPED THAT THE RE-ERECTION WILL BE COMPLETED IN TIME FOR THE DECEMBER SALES AT NEWMARKET.

ONE ANSWER TO OUR LAST WEEK'S QUIZ: MIGRATING HORSESHOE CRABS.



THE EGGS OF THE HORSESHOE CRAB, WITH THE SAND SCRAPED BACK TO SHOW THE DEVELOPING EMBRYOS—THE "TRILOBITE LARVÆ." INCUBATION LASTS ABOUT A MONTH.



CLUSTERED TOGETHER FOR THEIR BREEDING MIGRATION—PERHAPS THE OLDEST MIGRATION IN THE HISTORY OF THE EARTH: HORSESHOE CRABS IN SHALLOW WATER AT MONOMOY ISLAND.



HORSESHOE CRABS, CAUGHT ON DRY LAND BY THE RETREATING TIDE, BURROW INTO THE DAMP MUD TO KEEP THEIR GILLS WET UNTIL THE TIDE RETURNS AND FREES THEM.



MARINE WORMS HAVE MADE THEIR HOME ON THE SHELL OF THIS HALF-BURIED HORSESHOE CRAB. THE SHELLS OF OLD CRABS ARE SOMETIMES STUDDED WITH ADHERING LIMPETS.



A STRANDED HORSESHOE CRAB DIGGING ITSELF INTO THE WET SAND. THE CURIOUS GILL-BOOKS, SEEN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, SERVE FOR PROPULSION AS WELL AS BREATHING.



LIKE AMPHIBIAN TANKS MOVING TO A BEACH-HEAD: MASSES OF HORSESHOE CRABS IN SHALLOW WATER AT MONOMOY ISLAND BEFORE ADVANCING TO HIGH-WATER MARK.

In our last issue we reproduced three photographs of tracks to which we gave no clue and we invited you, the readers, to exercise your powers of detection and identify them. One photograph, the largest, is identified on page 115: the other two, although apparently dissimilar, were made by the same animal, the horseshoe crab of the Eastern American seaboard. Here and on the facing page we show other photographs of this fascinating and primeval animal and of the occasion when these characteristic tracks are made. Like

the turtle, the horseshoe crab comes ashore to lay her eggs at or near the high-water mark, the male accompanying her to fertilise the eggs in the manner of a fish. These photographs were taken on Monomoy Island, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and here every May, during the highest tides of the month, horseshoe crabs come ashore in thousands; and since the horseshoe crab is a "living fossil," a creature of fantastic antiquity, older than mammals or birds, this may well be the oldest migration in all the history of the earth.

Photographs by Edwin Way Teale.

PERHAPS THE WORLD'S OLDEST MIGRATION: HORSESHOE CRABS AT BREEDING TIME.



AT THE END OF THE BREEDING MIGRATION, THE SHORE IS LITTERED WITH CRABS, SOME DEAD AND OVERTURNED, SOME STRUGGLING TO RIGHT THEMSELVES WITH THEIR TAILS.



THE HORSESHOE CRAB PERIODICALLY RENEWS ITS SHELL; AND THIS SERIES OF DISCARDED SHELLS SHOWS THE GROWTH FROM THE FIRST SHELL TO ADULT SIZE.

Photographs by Edwin Way Teale.

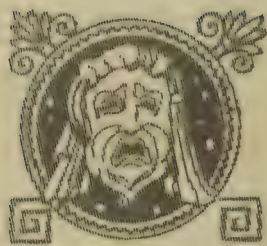


LIKE A LONE TANK IN THE WESTERN DESERT: A HORSESHOE CRAB, STRANDED BY THE EBBING TIDE, MAKING ITS WAY BACK TO THE SEA, WHILE ITS GILLS REMAIN WET.

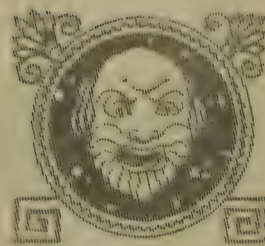


DESCRIBED BY H. G. WELLS AS "LIKE A SMALL BOY CRAWLING ABOUT UNDER A TIN BATH-TUB WITH A BROOMSTICK TRAILING BEHIND": AN OVERTURNED HORSESHOE CRAB.

HORSESHOE CRABS, which are also called king-crabs, were, so the fossil records reveal, common in Europe. They survive now only on the East Coast of America as *Xiphosura* (or *Limulus*) *polyphemus* and, in an allied species, in the Eastern Indo-Pacific area. Each year during the highest tides in the later spring months they lay their eggs at high-water mark; and a month later the next highest tides reach and uncover the young, the "trilobite larvæ" as they are called. The young crab only acquires the sword-like tail at the first moult and becomes like a tiny adult, increasing in size at each moult and changing in colour from a pale yellow to an almost black-brown at fullest maturity. The body occupies only a small space under the large carapace and it was this that prompted H. G. Wells' lively simile quoted above. The tail serves principally to right the animal if overturned.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



UNSINKABLE

By ALAN DENT.

OR so they said. The wreck of the *Titanic*, the great "unsinkable" transatlantic liner, on her maiden voyage in April 1912, is one of my earliest memories. I was seven—and already learning to read not only words but music. It is typical of childhood that my clearest recollection of that year is not this public disaster but a private woe. For I can remember weeping bitterly when my elders told me I was too young to be taken to something called "The Gay Gordons"—and selfishly went themselves, fobbing me off with the programme on their return!

This memento contained pictures of the stars—Seymour Hicks and his radiantly pretty wife, Ellaline Terriss—and on these I solaced myself, or tried to. Exactly forty years later the honour befell me of escorting Miss Terriss through her very first television appearance—a task which chiefly consisted of asking her questions and raptly listening while she sat at a piano and sang "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." All this goes to show that the whirligig of time brings in its rewards as well as its revenges. It also goes to show that the silly little boy I was in 1912 was already far more interested in the theatre than in real life. But that—like lots more in this article—is by the way!

It need hardly be said that the sudden and appalling loss of the *Titanic* with over a thousand lives had its impact on me also. I remember the newspapers being filled for a whole week with the news and with the stories told by survivors. The detail which perhaps impressed me most was that the band played the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee" while the great ship was sinking—and it thrills me to see that this same heroic little band is one of the heroes of the film, "A Night to Remember," which now tells the whole ghastly story so magnificently.

Clearly, too, I can remember the whole thing becoming an almost personal loss when my father told me that among those drowned was a particular hero of his own, the great journalist and editor, W. T. Stead. I look into my biographical dictionary to-day and see that this public-spirited man "worked for peace, spiritualism, 'the civic church,' and friendship with Russia." But he was very much more important to my infancy as the

music-halls, and it must have been in some such feature that I beheld on a screen a colossal iceberg (which my reason told me was a block of salt) moving disastrously towards the ill-fated White Star liner (which my instinct assured me was really nothing bigger than a matchbox).

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



ANTHONY BUSHELL AS CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. ROSTRON OF S.S. *CARPATHIA* IN RANK'S "A NIGHT TO REMEMBER."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "The film of the *Titanic* and its loss, 'A Night to Remember,' has no leading acting-rôle. But immensely worth watching, as usual, is that modest but always dead-right actor, Anthony Bushell, who plays the Captain of the *Carpathia*, which came belatedly to rescue the survivors of the great 'unsinkable' ship that sank. Mr. Bushell is also to be seen, currently, in 'The Wind Cannot Read,' where he plays a Brigadier killed in an ambush. He dies with a jest on his lips, cool, unheroic, very English. In 'A Night to Remember' this actor is no less cool, unheroic, and English, as the Captain who yet has, in his steadfast gaze ahead, a full knowledge of his salvatory purpose."

Possibly it was wise to spare us the all-enveloping darkness, as well as the full horror of fifteen hundred souls being drowned. Possibly it was better to concentrate far more on the survivors than on the doomed. Possibly we are given too fleeting and too niggardly a glimpse of the iceberg itself. Possibly one should not ask for everything.

The great strength of the film lies in the coherency and the completeness of what we do see. All the facts—they have already been masterfully marshalled by Walter Lord in his recent book, to which the film acknowledges its obligations—are here laid before us for our awe and wonderment. The scenes on the two neighbouring ships are of immense value from the point of view of dramatic contrast—the *Californian*, only ten miles away, which had no wireless contact and mistook the great liner's distress rockets for an extravagant fireworks display; and the *Carpathia*, which received the wireless signals but was fifty-eight miles away and unable to cover that distance under four hours. The irony of it, as well as the pity and horror of it!

The sinking lasted exactly one hour and a half, and it lasts just the same length of time in the film. Kenneth More, who gives one of his first-class performances as the liner's Second Officer, pointed this out in a short speech to the audience at the film's first public showing. He had the inspiration to point out further that the great audience before him—well over 2000—was approximately the same in number as the complete passenger-list and ship's company of the *Titanic*. Actuality is the only word for the sensation caused by this neat observation. But nobody panicked.

This big and honourable film tends to dwarf other happenings into insignificance. There has, it is true, been "The Vikings," an immensely elaborate and intricate tale of our island and its Scandinavian marauders a thousand years ago. This will be particularly popular with blood-thirsty little boys, and with grown men who remain little boys in their reading matter. I shall make a point of advising my own numerous god-children to see "A Night to Remember" instead.

Anyway, "The Vikings" has Kirk Douglas as a Norseman who has one eye pecked out by a



A "SUPERB RE-ENACTMENT": THE SINKING OF *TITANIC* IS WATCHED WITH HORROR BY SURVIVORS IN A LIFEBOAT IN A SCENE FROM "A NIGHT TO REMEMBER." (LONDON PREMIERE; ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, JULY 3.)

Reason and instinct are much less active in this onlooker to-day. I surrender with far fewer reserves to the superb re-enactment that is "A Night to Remember," written by Eric Ambler, directed by Roy Baker, filmed by the Rank Organisation. Possibly the *Titanic* itself—especially after the collision—is just a shade more like a skilful model than a real ship. Possibly it is wrong of me to query whether she would go down at last with all her lights steadfastly blazing.



DISCUSSING THE FATE OF THEIR CAPTIVE, THE WELSH PRINCESS, MORGANA (JANET LEIGH); RAGNAR (ERNEST BORGNINE, LEFT) AND HIS SON EINAR (KIRK DOUGLAS) IN A SCENE FROM UNITED ARTISTS' "THE VIKINGS." (LONDON PREMIERE; LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, JULY 8.)

originator and general editor of a long series of brown paper-backed booklets—Stead's Penny Poets—and I own a Tennyson Selection and a Scott's "Marmion" in this series to this very day.

Further, I will swear to it that within a year of the *Titanic* Disaster I saw a re-enactment of it in a rudimentary cinema. There was already a film-feature called "The Bioscope" included in the programme at the more enterprising

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

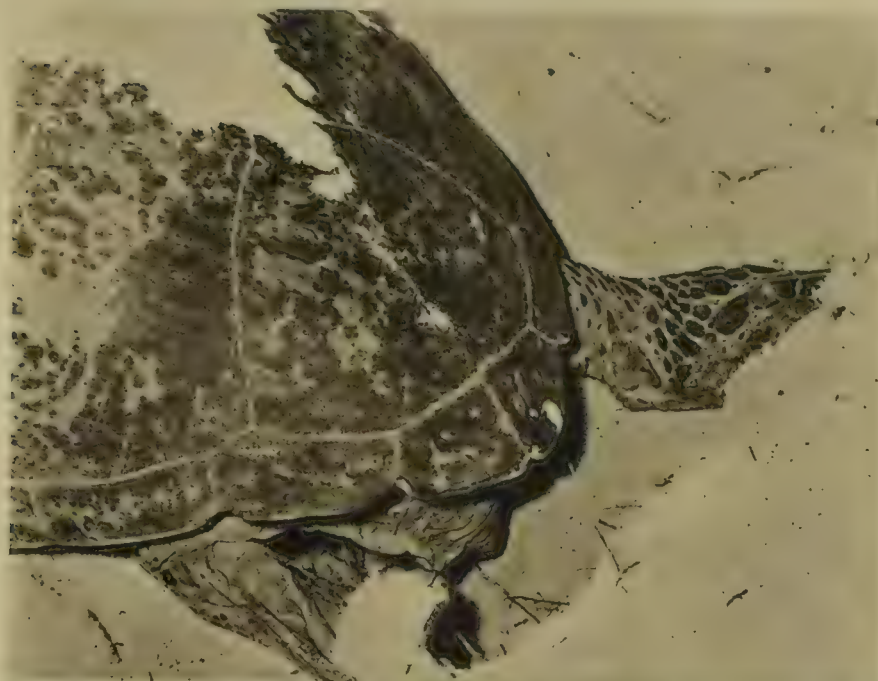
"TOO MUCH, TOO SOON" (Warner. Generally Released: July 14).—Errol Flynn tries to be John Barrymore, and Dorothy Malone portrays that great actor's drink-soaked daughter. Saddening.

"THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV" (M.G.M. Generally Released: July 21).—A conscientious attempt to make a film out of Dostoevsky's impossibly large-scale novel. Quarter-successful.

"RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP" (U.A. Generally Released: July 21).—Mainly under-water drama, the sort of thing the cinema really can do—with Clark Gable and Burt Lancaster outwying each other as rival submarine-commanders.

hawk released by Tony Curtis, and Ernest Borgnine as an older Norseman who meets his end in a pit full of famished wolves. It also has beautiful and actual Norwegian fjords, and Janet Leigh as a British princess who is brought thither and endures threats of rape and other humiliations without turning a hair or registering any expression beyond a fixed, icy, and handsome contempt. This Miss Leigh is not only unscathed; she is unscatheable.

ONE OF THE ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S QUIZ: A GREEN TURTLE'S JOURNEY.



FURIOUSLY DIGGING THE HOLE IN WHICH SHE LAID SOME 134 EGGS: A FEMALE GREEN TURTLE AT WORK ON THE BEACH AT HERON ISLAND, OFF THE EAST COAST OF QUEENSLAND.



THE TURTLE'S ROUND WHITE EGGS, WHICH ARE LAID AT THE RATE OF ABOUT TEN A MINUTE, ARE COVERED WITH A STICKY SECRETION, WHICH MAKES THE SAND ADHERE TO THEM.



YOUNG TURTLES EMERGING FROM THE SAND. INCUBATION OF THE EGGS IN THE WARM SAND TAKES ABOUT TEN WEEKS; AND ABOUT 50 PER CENT. OF THE EGGS PRODUCE LIVE YOUNG.

In our last issue we reproduced three puzzle pictures and invited you, the readers, to guess what they were. Here is the answer to the largest picture: the track of a female green turtle on her way to lay her eggs in the sand. That and the photographs above were taken on Heron Island (off the Queensland coast, not far from Rockhampton), which is now a sanctuary for the Green Turtle, *Chelone mydas*. This is the turtle-soup turtle; and as both



THE TELL-TALE TRACTOR-LIKE TRACKS OF THE GREEN TURTLE AS SHE HAS EMERGED FROM THE SEA AT HIGH TIDE TO LAY HER CLUTCH OF EGGS IN THE WARM SAND.



IMPELLED BY THE NEED TO LAY HER EGGS IN THE WARM SAND, A LARGE FEMALE GREEN TURTLE DRAGS HERSELF UP THE BEACH AND RESTS FOR A MOMENT, EXHAUSTED.

the animal and the eggs are edible, and as both are easy to find and take—everyone who has ever read a desert-island story knows that the turtle is helpless if turned over on its back—it is in some need of protection. The young who hatch out are only about 50 per cent. of the total of eggs; and between that time and maturity their hazards on land and sea are many and various, especially from birds on land and crabs in the water.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

HERE we have a week of myth, legend and fairytale, from minikin to outsize. "The Once and Future King," by T. H. White (Collins; 25s.), presents the whole "Matter of Britain"—four books in one. The first three have already appeared, with some differences, but "The Candle in the Wind" is new. This is the tragic term; it opens with the indictment of Lancelot and Guenever, to end on the eve of Ragnarok, with the fated King entrusting the candle of his idea to a young page, Tom Malory. A freak adieu—yet plentifully led up to. For Mr. White's Arthur was always a Norman, flourishing with his chivalry throughout a compressed version of the Middle Ages; these are its *real* figures, corresponding to the mythical Plantagenets, and so forth.

Which is a dazzling postulate, but still whimsy. And the complete opus—the work, he tells us, of twenty years—though brimful of learning, idiosyncrasy and fascination, is, after all, not an epic, nor, indeed, a unity. It divides into two parts, of which the lesser (not the "whole Matter of Britain") is the *chef d'œuvre*: I mean, of course, the original story of the Wart and his tutor Merlyn. This enchanting caper needed no sequel, and sprang from the author's head entire. All he found in Malory was the cue.

But what we get after that is simply the *Morte d'Arthur* in outline, with variations and glosses. Book Two forms an uneasy kind of transition, combining some of the old jinks with an introduction to the baleful little Orkneys, the Arthurian doom, and the debate on Might and Right. Only the jinks have lost their ebullience, while the deeper theme is still scrappy. But we are off again in the third volume, with the portrait of Lancelot as a boy—and now for good. There are no more flights, like the fun with Pellinore or the Gaelic rhapsody of Dunlothan; what remains is all Malory with a difference—all about Lance, Jenny and the ex-Wart. Because it is a "free copy," one could discuss it for ever. Mr. White claims to have added nothing to the rubric, except Pellinore's love-affair and Lancelot's ugliness. Yet it would be vain to search his original for the "Gaelic miasma," or the Queen of Orkney as a child-gobbler (there, I rather think, Mordred the arch-villain is reared by a good old man). While as for Lancelot, it was no trifle to make him hideous as an ape, sick of repressed cruelty and self-loathing: though there were reasons, of course. On the other hand, Mr. White's girdings at "modern love" are in the original. Malory was saying the same.

OTHER FICTION.

In contrast to this Round Table, which is a temporal hotch-potch with a double tongue (Malory's being the "high language"), the Spain of "Don Juan," by Josef Toman (Heinemann; 18s.), could not be more of a piece. The writer is Czech, and presents Don Miguel de Mañara—known as the "true" Don Juan, and flourishing (which is certainly the word) under Philip IV. We see him first as a boy. He commences student in a white heat of chastity and devotion, but is presently adding girl to girl. The first seductions are almost natural; then, as they come faster and faster and become more and more atrocious, we perceive that Miguel is superhuman—a Sex-Fiend, literally. Yet in the end he loves once for all. His bride dies; and "Don Juan" lays down his life in the plague, after years of penitence and good works.

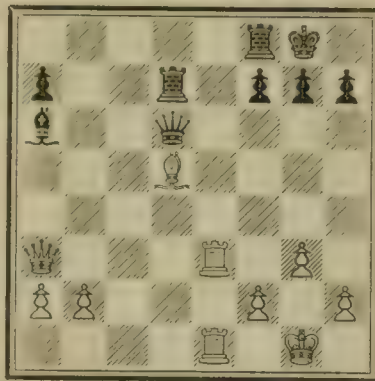
The background to this right-thinking, baroque legend is equally right-thinking and baroque: its tone, a shade Slavic and madly lyrical. E.g.: "The night was a solid tablet of darkness with draperies of sooty clouds. Bats were on the wing, and beneath the Tower of Weeping there was a pool of blood and a discarded dagger. . . ." It is all like that. Oddly enough, one comes round to it.

"The Wonderful O," by James Thurber, with illustrations by Marc Simon (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), is a fairy anecdote, like "The Thirteen Clocks." Black and Littlejack, with a pirate crew, sail to the peaceful island of Ooroo for its jewels. But they can find only moonstones, opals and other ordinary stones. Black has already a down on O—something to do with his old mother and a porthole; now he forbids it. Ooroo becomes R; the islanders can't tell oft from foot, or odd from dodo. So they go underground; till in a dark wood, ominous with O-sounds. . . . We can skip the moral, for Mr. Thurber has really nothing to say on this occasion. He is just talking—and how!

"Murder Assured," by Michael Halliday (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), adds a touch of commonplace. Jack Marlow is an insurance broker trying to establish himself in a country town, but so short of capital that he has even despaired of a good secretary. Then, enter Leonida Wilde—an American dream-girl with superb qualifications. For some reason, she wants the job. Soon he finds her cornered by a gorilla, whom she persists in describing as an old friend. A London jeweller has been killed in his shop . . . and after a second murder, in their joint boarding-house, she and Marlow are both suspect of everything, including a grand insurance fraud. Not very plausible in the end, but nice going.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.



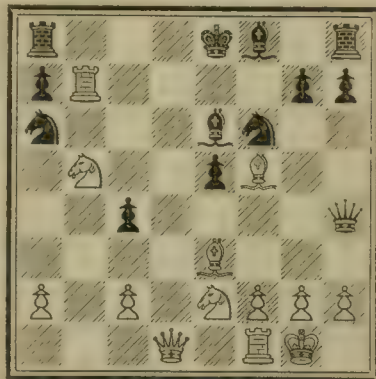
LOMBARDY, White against Kramer, reaching this position in a New York game a few weeks ago, found a most original way of winning rook for bishop. Can you find the magic move? It is given—don't peep!—at the foot of this article.

They organised a special "theme" tournament in Amsterdam recently in which every player had to open with the wild Blackmar Gambit 1. P-Q4, P-Q4; 2. P-K4, P×P; 3. Kt-QB3.

One of the games continued:

VAN BOCKEL	BAREN-DREGT	VAN BOCKEL	BAREN-DREGT
White	Black	White	Black
3.	P-K4	5. B-Q3	P-KB4
4. Kt×P	Q×P	6. Kt-K2	Q-Kt3?
7. B-K3	P-B4	11. R-Kt1	Q-KR5
8. Kt(K4)-B3	Kt-KB3	12. R×P	P-QB5
9. Castles	B-K3	13. Kt-Kt5!	Kt-R3
10. P-QKt4!?	Q×P(?)	14. B×KBP!	

With such an advantage in development, you can permit yourself little jokes like this. If now 14. . . . B×B; 15. Kt-Q6ch, B×Kt; 16. Q×B and mate follows.



14.	R-Q1	17. R×RP	B-B4
15. B×B!	R×Q	18. B×B	Kt×B
16. R×R		19. B-B7ch	Q×B
(Threat 17. B-B7 mate)		20. Kt-Q6ch	Resigns
16.	Q-R4		

Lombardy's clever win was by 1. B-B6! Now if 1. . . . Q×B, then 2. Q×Rch and mate next move; whilst if 1. . . . Q×Q; 2. R×Q leaves two black pieces *en prise*. Kramer could find nothing better than 1. . . . B-B1.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM DE TOCQUEVILLE TO THE NETSUKU.

I AM inclined to believe that Alexis de Tocqueville was the Frenchman who has best understood the English; indeed, he has some claim to be the only Frenchman who has come within a mile of understanding the English. When to this singular quality he adds that of understanding the Irish as well, my admiration becomes unbounded! All these excellences are to be found in his "Journeys to England and Ireland," edited by J. P. Mayer, translated by George Lawrence and K. P. Mayer (Faber and Faber; 30s.). The first chapter reproduces a letter written by Tocqueville in 1828, five years before his first visit to England, entitled "Reflections on English History." They are a good deal shrewder and more apposite than those of many of our native historians. "Many people treat the words 'Magna Carta' as magic," he writes. "They see the whole English Constitution in it; the two Houses, Ministerial responsibility; taxation by vote, and a thousand other things that are no more there than in the Bible." Quite so! A document as toughly representative of tough, untutored feudal lords who wanted their anarchic rights guaranteed as the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688 was designed to protect the enclosures and spoliations of the great Whig landlords and City merchants. Myth and magic have their place in the social history of all nations, but Tocqueville has put his finger on the English habit of canonising them and then accepting them as infallible.

He visited England on three occasions, in 1833, 1835 and 1857. On his second visit he spent a considerable time in Ireland, where he went to great trouble to elicit and to compare conflicting views. His circle of friends included Bulwer Lytton, J. A. Roebuck, George Grote and J. S. Mill. He records their conversations with care, choosing mainly the material which would help him to assess the social and political scene, but there are also some pleasant touches of personal description.

He saw the English aristocracy as indeterminate in outline, admitting to its ranks members of other classes, and predicted that it would lose power, but "without a convulsion and without civil war." He demonstrates, in seven devastating propositions, the fact that "the whole of English Society is based on privileges of money," and concludes: "The English have left the poor but two rights; that of obeying the same laws as the rich, and that of standing on an equality with them if they can obtain equal wealth." In Ireland, he found the same aristocracy in power, but established by conquest, different in religion, with special motives for remaining aloof from the people and for oppressing them, enjoying exclusive rights of government and of self-enrichment. The one "has for centuries given the English one of the best governments in the world; the other has given the Irish one of the most detestable that could ever be imagined." In Ireland he was told, "it is the poor who provide for the needs of the poor"; the landlord "has big, fat dogs, and his fellows die at his door." A shameful picture, all the more convincing because of Tocqueville's lack of emotional commitment—but not totally true.

Among the innumerable merits of this book is the fact that it records the only joke ever uttered, so far as I am aware, by the Prince Consort. I recommend it—the book itself, not the joke—as supreme in its kind.

Sociology and art are not unconnected. Connoisseurs of the beautiful, the elegant and the bizarre will enjoy "The Netsuke of Japan," by Egerton Ryerson (Bell; 35s.). A *Netsuke*—the author obligingly tells us how to pronounce it—is "a carved or decorated object of wood, ivory or other material, used in old Japan to attach to the girdle small articles in daily use." First traceable in the sixteenth century, the fashion lasted until about 100 years ago. Mr. Ryerson gives a short history of *Netsuke* and their makers, and then classifies them according to their immense variety of subject: from gods and demons to birds, fish, flowers and other natural objects: from historical illustrations to those of daily life. The photographic plates are enchanting.

Big-game fishing seems to have become increasingly popular in recent years, and those who propose to go as far afield as New Zealand in pursuit of it should take with them Mr. Arthur W. Parrott's "Big Game Fishes and Sharks of New Zealand" (Hodder and Stoughton; 25s.). All these creatures are illustrated in this book, and most of them seem to have singularly disagreeable expressions. I was surprised to learn that there have been only two authenticated cases of sharks attacking human beings or boats in New Zealand waters.

I do not go all the way with Mr. Graham Bell, author of "Building Your Own Boat" (Methuen; 16s.), when he firmly tells me: "You will derive much satisfaction from the results of your labours." On the contrary, I can think of only two possible outcomes, were I to put his ingenious instructions into practice: derision or drowning. But there must be many readers who are less pusillanimous or ham-fisted, and those ambitious enough to try building their own boats will be grateful to Mr. Bell.

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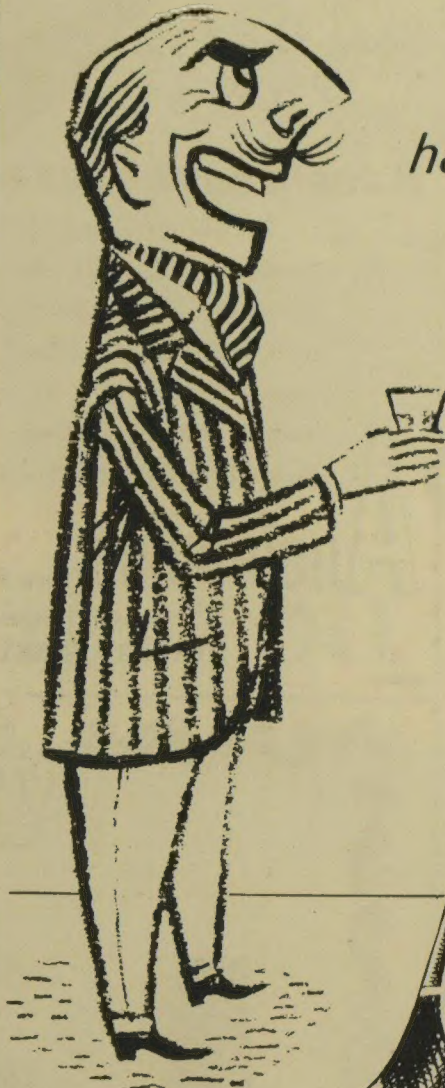
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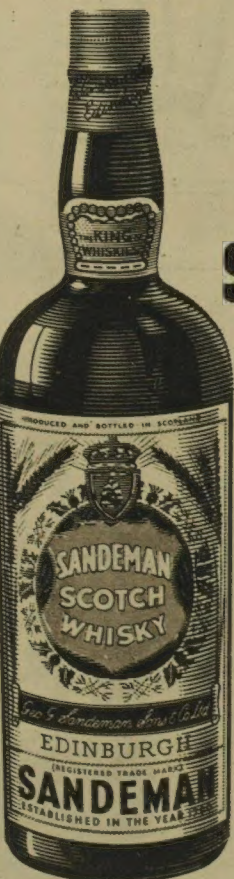
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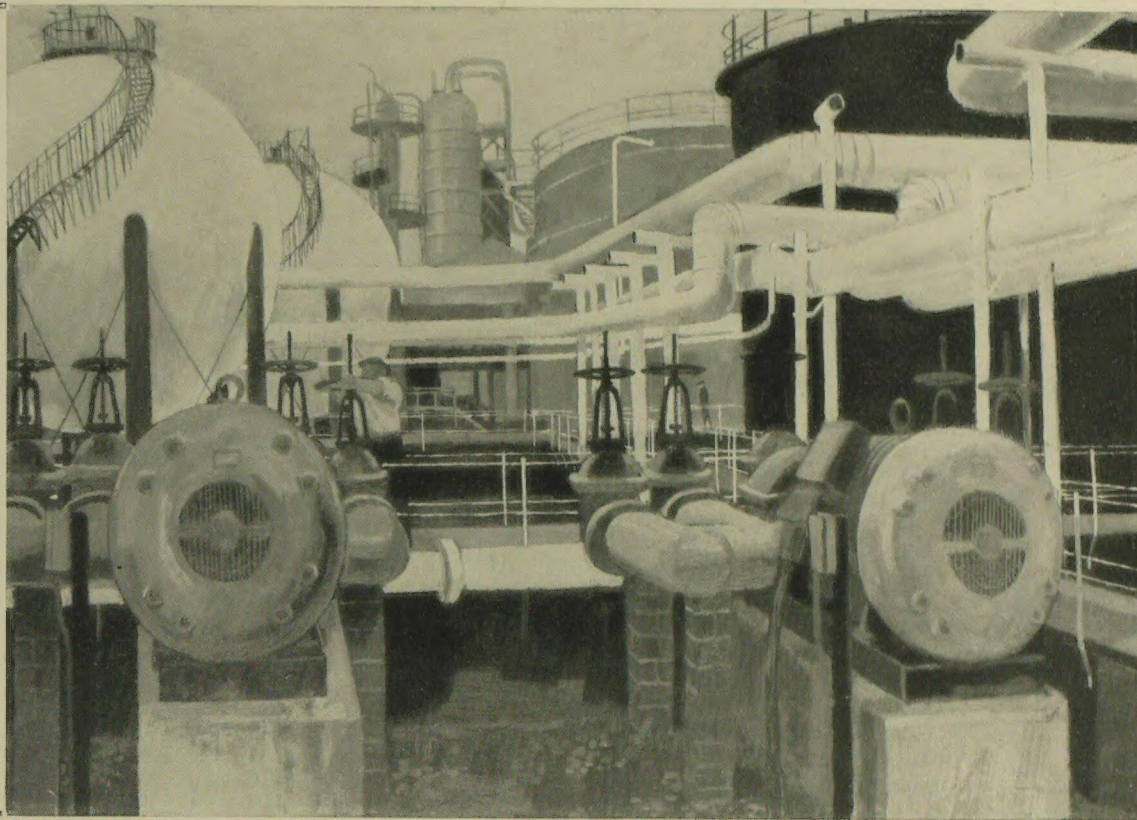


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